JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 605.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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Vol. III. No. 82. Saturday, December 28th, 1907. One Penny.

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All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We wish all our readers—and everybody else—a very merry Christmas. Christmas has long ceased to possess, in the mind of the ordinary individual, any theological or religious significance. It is a carnival of conviviality—a festival of hospitality and good will. Our chief regret about it is that the old-fashioned family gatherings, which used always to mark the season, are to a large extent dying out. We should like to see a Bill introduced in Parliament to compel the head of every family to call together all its members every Christmas, and to shake hands with them and "kiss all round." Then they could quarrel and fight as much as they liked for another twelve months.

In any case JOHN BULL is now calling his family together. He is very pleased with them. During the past year they have behaved splendidly. And how they have increased! There are fifty thousand more of them than there were last Christmas. But there is room for them all—and more. God bless 'em. We wish every one of them a jolly time and the best of good cheer. We wish *everyone* a merry Christmas. We wish the Official Receiver a merry Christmas—may he some day have something to receive. And the Public Trustee—may he some day secure public trust. And Mr. Horace Avory—may the Druce case go on for ever! And each of our rivals—may their circulations never grow less. We wish Mr. Chamberlain a merry Christmas. Surrounded by the devoted members of his family, may he, for the moment, at any rate, forget the tragedy of the past two years. We wish Mr. Balfour a merry Christmas. May his mind be at peace—free from the rackings of philosophic and fiscal doubts. We wish Dinizulu a merry Christmas. May he be safely returned to the bosom of his family. In fact, we are like the large-hearted old gentleman with whom we travelled in the train on Mafeking Night. "Good old Buller," quoth he, "Good old Baden-Powell—Good old French—Good old Bobs—Good old Kitchener"—and then, after a long pause—"*Good old Everybody.*" So, once more, a merry Christmas to everybody.

The abstract justice of the Wood verdict will not be contested by any fair-minded man or woman. In this country men are not hanged because they are strongly suspected of murder. They are not hanged because they are fools. They are not hanged because they are immoral. They are not hanged even because they tell lies. Wood had to thank himself for the position in which he found himself—just as he has to thank Marshall Hall for extricating him from it. For surely the witnesses for an historical Resurrection, presented as a central fact of Christianity, would break down hopelessly discredited before a cross-examination conducted with the mental microscopy by means of which Sir Charles Mathews, the keenest criminal lawyer at the Bar, endeavoured to present Wood as a proper subject for the scaffold. Of course, the mental pathologist may draw his own conclusions from this very fact—the fact of the facile self-assurance and calm of the prisoner under all the fiery ordeal of the trial—but the jury have said he is not guilty, and, therefore, so be it. Thus there is somewhere in our midst, perhaps rubbing shoulders with us, some brutal, callous creature, who did poor Dimmock to death. Whoever and wherever he be, may the curse of Cain rest upon him. We doubt not that he was, at any rate, one of the crowd in court. Would that the spirit of the murdered girl—whose life went out in that early morning, unwept, unmourned—could have appeared in that silent and solemn chamber and have pointed its spectral finger at the guilty man.

We have just been reading the account of an inquest held at Brixton Prison upon an unfortunate man who had been sent there "because he could not pay £2 6s. for the maintenance of his son in an industrial school." It appears that the poor wretch arrived at the prison "in a dying condition," and that he "was found to be suffering from consumption." Doesn't sound very Christmassy, does it, dear reader? But that is not the worst of it. The report continues: "The Coroner said this was the third case of the kind which had come under his notice this year." And then it concludes with the laconic announcement that "the jury returned a verdict of 'Death from syncope following consumption.'" No rider, however, is recorded as to the blind brutality of the law which dragged the dying man to gaol. Meantime, the son will doubtless attend Divine Service at the industrial school on Christmas Day, and

hear once more the story of that message of good will and glad tidings of great joy. What humbugs we are!

At last the mystery is explained! We owe the *Express* an apology for misreading its daily "story." A correspondent points out the correct reading, and we hasten to make amends by printing it in its proper form:—

TARIFF REFORM
MEANS
LOWER INCOME-
TAX AND WORK FOR ALL.

Really, it ought to be made a punishable offence, when a Commoner goes to the Lords, for him to take any title not identified with his "plebeian appellation." We recently waded through half a column of "Lord Middleton on Lawlessness in Ireland" before it dawned on us that Lord M. is none other than—Mr Brodrick! Whereupon we instinctively remarked: "Lord Help Us!"

Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P., may not be the best orator in the House of Commons, but he has no equal at the present time as a popular writer upon financial questions. He is unrivalled in his power of simple exposition. In a recent column article in the *Daily News* he puts the subject of the income-tax in a nutshell. He makes it quite clear that at present there is no such thing as a ninepenny or shilling income-tax—at any rate, so far as the middle classes are concerned—and he indicates a process of graduation by means of which, with perfect justice to all parties, a very enormous increase in the yield of the tax would be obtained. Personally, we prefer to put it in the way we dealt with it during the Budget Debate last session. At present—leaving out of consideration for the moment the more or less illusory ninepenny reduction—we have a nominal income-tax of a shilling in the pound, or 5 per cent. If this were equitably spread over the entire income of the country, taking such income at two thousand millions per year, the yield of the tax would, of course, be a hundred millions, as against the thirty millions which at present comes to the Exchequer. Our proposal was, and is, that the tax should be so re-adjusted and graduated as to yield a total of two and a half per cent. upon the country's income. This would mean fifty millions a year for the Chancellor, as against thirty—and the odd twenty millions would be ample for the purposes of a sound Old Age Pension scheme. There will be bitter disappointment if Mr. Asquith falls short of expectations and shelters himself behind the old conventional platitudes of the permanent officials.

Apropos of Old Age Pensions, how little many people understand the real feelings of the poor towards the workhouse! Only the other day we read of an inquest on an old lady of Hoxton, who "committed suicide by poisoning herself, saying she would rather take her life than go to the workhouse." It is to relieve the respectable and deserving aged from this nightmare that the country demands Old Age Pensions.

What is "literature" coming to? Here we have a "Hall Caine Cigarette Limerick," with a special recommendation of the "most excellent" quality of the brand. Indeed, the eminent author "feels proud of being their sponsor." Here is the "Limerick":—

There's a Cigarette called the Hall Caine,
Once tried, always asked for again;
In flavour and zest
It excels all the rest,

We suggest the following as an appropriate final line:—"Though its maker (like Caine) is not vain."

The anonymous letter writer made himself pretty busy during the Wood trial—judge, jury, and counsel being inundated with all sorts of epistles from all sorts of people with theories intended either to tighten the noose round the prisoner's neck, or keep his neck out of the noose altogether. There is no question that anonymous letters in such cases tend to defeat the ends of justice. As soon as ever a letter of the kind is opened and read it is certain to have some impression on the person who reads it, and if the reader is judge or juryman, the impression made, and all that follows from it as a result of mental processes, may be of a serious character. In practice, the effect produced on the recipient is dependent less on his will than on his intelligence and temperament. The best to be expected is that the anonymous letter will receive no more weight in the mental processes than it deserves; the worst is that it may receive weight out of all proportion to its value. It is sheer nonsense for a man who receives an anonymous letter and reads it to say, "But, of course, it has made no impression on my mind." It necessarily makes an impression on his mind; so much so, indeed, that even if he tears it up he will probably be able to repeat it almost word for word.

A correspondent tells us that he has discovered a policeman of unique powers of discernment, though he had to go all the way to Clapham to do so. It had been anticipated that the verdict in the Camden Town murder trial would be concluded on the Saturday, the judge having announced that he would sit late. Finding the report "continued" in the evening paper he bought, our correspondent, spying a policeman coiled up in a darksome passage, asked him whether he had heard the result. "Well, sir," he said, "I 'aven't 'eard it, but I know it. You'll niver get twelve ordinary men to 'ang 'im on that evidence, though there's no knowin' what might 'appen to 'im if they was all policemen." We agree that the officer possesses a judicial temperament, officially novel.

We do not know how much the Premier of Persia draws as his salary, but probably he is worth all he can get from the cashier on Fridays. The great and responsible position he occupies, however, does not appear to be quite the most comfortable going. He had hardly finished breakfast the other morning when the policeman on duty casually mentioned that he had a warrant from the Shah to gather him in for reasons which would be explained later, if ever, and if not, no matter. When Parliament heard of the arrest it naturally wanted to know the reason why. It also said it would not go home until it knew, and for all we hear to the contrary, it is sitting yet, and its wives cannot tell whether it will be at home in time for Christmas or go to gaol with the Premier on a charge of stubborn conduct in poking its nose into the Shah's concerns without the Imperial invitation. What would happen if the King of England arrested Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman we do not know. But, at a guess, we should say there would be no King.

Though the policeman on the beat is neither a paragon of incorruptibility nor a monument of infallibility, there are probably limits to his habit of lapsing from excessive virtue. But a young ruffian who got into the Marylebone police court the other day for assaulting a constable, appears to think that in these days, when the force is somewhat under a cloud by reason of the sins and iniquities of some of its members, he has only to pitch a tale strong enough and it will be believed. "I was walking quietly along the street," he said, "when one constable came along and kicked me, and another came and knocked me down." "And all for nothing?" queried Mr. Paul Taylor. "Yes," was the reply, "all for nothing." We do not know whether our piquant contributor, Mr. James Crow, would justify this thumper as a moral masterpiece, but we note

that its author got three months; which seems to show that a lie ceases to be believed when it begins to be improbable.

There is much to be said for the dictum of Judge Selfe, not, however, quite new, that in a dispute as to who is mistress, the lady of the house or the cook, the benefit of the doubt should be given to the said lady. The cook in the case was asked to change her evening out to accommodate her mistress. "If she wants hot dinner on my evening out," said the damsel of the kitchen, "let her get the housemaid to cook it for her." With all respect, this was not said like a Christian. Even an artist in food should remember that the lady who pays her wages is not to be referred to in accents which seem to imply that she is a little lower than the black beetle. A housemaid may be very excellent with a mop and very disastrous with a dinner, and we certainly think that if the cook had been conversant with the Christian virtues, she would not have so unkindly forced her mistress to the limits of the utterly hazardous.

Messes began it, and individuals are following suit. The thing is to have a bright little barrel of sherry in your dining-room, with a number of wine-glasses suspended underneath, and guests are expected to help themselves. You come in from the golf links, or you are at a loose end before lunch, or you want to drink the King's health in a sudden outburst of patriotism. Well, you have only to drop into the dining-room, turn a tap, and there you are. It is the very thing to make a country-house popular, as the newly rich are rapidly finding out. For about £12 you can buy an octave (13½ gallons) of the very finest Amontillado. But do remember that if you want good stuff you must pay a good price—not an extravagant one—and go to a good wine merchant.

We wonder how many people are aware of the existence of the "Club International de Bienfaisance" at Amsterdam. The particular form of benevolence with which it occupies itself is the game of roulette. A reader sent his name as a candidate for election some years ago, and he receives circulars at frequent intervals informing him that the club is still open. The latest reminder took the form of a coloured postcard, showing a reading-room where half a dozen people are drinking tea and a gorgeous menial is bringing in a bottle of champagne. "Jim" thought of going over to enjoy all these luxuries and have a flutter, but he heard that the club was periodically raided and that the police confiscated all the money of the punters. So he has decided to go to Monte Carlo again.

There is a man in Nottingham who is bed rock on the social amenities. The funeral of his sister took place the other day, and a local newspaper explains why he did not attend. "Mr. ——— did not attend his sister's funeral," announces our contemporary, "because he was not asked before she died, and as she was taken so quick, there was not time to ask him then." Of course, Mr. Blank knows best what is the proper etiquette demanded on such occasions in Nottingham, but it appears to us, if he will allow us to say so, that he stood a little too much on ceremony. Let us put the case to him as a man and a brother. Supposing he was about to have a funeral of his own, would he invite his sister to it before he died, and if he were taken quick, would he not expect her to overlook the fact that he hadn't been able to invite her after he was dead? However, the question has not been raised before, and perhaps the lack of precedent, or the absence of reference in the books of etiquette, led Mr. Blank to decide wrongly. In the case of his funeral it is hoped he will be able to find a clear and guiding light.

Our old friend Labby, speaking of plays, remarks that taking off clothing appears to be one of the principal elements of humour in the British drama of to-day. It is only fair to say, however, that it also provides the chief elements of tragedy in the dining room, the drawing room, and the stalls. But, after all, it matters less how much people take off than what they keep on.

Some ladies have all the sorrows. Consider the pathetic case of a Tottenham woman whose sister applied to the magistrates on her behalf for a separation summons. Her sister, she explained, was "a poor invalid, and her husband treated her very cruelly." "What does he do?" the magistrate naturally inquired, for in matters of domestic incompatibility details are everything. "Well," came the reply, "she cannot move about, and her husband puts bits of lighted paper to her legs to make her hop about." According to the laconic reporter, "the magistrate gave the applicant advice." We are a little curious to know what the advice was. Did the magistrate advise the woman to advise the husband to desist from his inflammatory attentions, or advise her to tell her sister to decline to hop, no matter what happened? The brutality of the husband in the case seems a special line, and undoubtedly deserves special notice. This, sooner or later, he may receive, and if it should chance to take the form of a six months' sojourn in some place within the meaning of the Act, he will have little reason to complain of injustice.

From Paris comes a queer medical tale. It concerns still another "cure for cancer." Half a dozen infallible remedies for this horrible disease have been boomed during the past ten years; and to-day the honest physician will admit that none of them is effective. It is a pity that Yellow journalists have no consideration for the victims of cancer, in whose minds their wild variations on these fairy tales of science arouse unfounded, and often expensive, hopes. Dr. Keating Hart's treatment by a combination of surgery and healing electric rays looks as though it may be useful in certain cases. But it is premature for the secular Press to pronounce pontifically upon it before the experts who are in the best position to judge have made up their minds.

To look at the common house-fly (Musca domestica) you would not imagine that he is a sink of iniquity, so to speak, and a raging pestilence. Yet so it is. Mr. Gordon Hewitt has said it, and at no less authoritative a place than Victoria University. The feet of the fly, he declares, are formed peculiarly to carry loads of germs, just as a hob-nailed boot will coat itself with mud. "In the track of the fly's feet colonies of bacilli grow." No doubt. Flies "carry such bacteria as those which cause anthrax, cholera, tuberculosis and typhoid fever." Of course they do. So do we. If we are to start in and exterminate the champion germ-spreaders of the globe, murder and suicide will keep us busy for quite a long time. The fly is a wholesome, appetising little creature compared to the human. With so many scientific experts trying to startle us day by day no wonder that we have continually to build new asylums. The cheapest way, perhaps, would be to build one very large one, put all the scientific experts, quack-advertisement writers, and "New Theologians" into it, and let them frighten one another to death.

Some of the less discriminating papers prematurely jump to the conclusion that because the learned Avory says the Druce grave may be opened therefore it will be opened. Still, now that the representatives of the Duke of Portland and Lord Howard de Walden know the sort of case they have to meet, there seems no reason why they should make too many bones about it.

No doubt they could long ago have induced Mr. Herbert Druce to "subordinate his personal scruples," to use the phrase of Mr. Avory, if it had seemed to them desirable. The opening of the grave is, and always has been, the practical way to dispose of the issues. Strictly, it would settle nothing more than the question as to whether there was, or was not, a mock burial. Practically, assuming that there was a body in the grave, and not lead, it would leave the claimant to the estates to reconsider his legal position.

Dinizulu is now lodged in Pietermaritzburg gaol, and we hope he will have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Though he has yet to be brought to trial, the verdict and sentence are almost a foregone conclusion; it is feared that Dini will never see his happy home again. Some of the Natal papers quite candidly suggest that if he is not guilty he ought to be, and that whether he is guilty or not it is about time he and his chief chiefs were planted out somewhere on the far distant earth. Lord Elgin, one of Mr. Winston Churchill's official assistants, is no doubt enjoying himself just now in the Land o' Cakes. Mr. Winston Churchill is also having a good time, with the difference that he is in South Africa, and therefore nearer the festive scene. As Dinizulu is in this capable young gentleman's Department, we suggest that he should include Pietermaritzburg in his itinerary, and casually inquire on the spot exactly what the little game of the Natal Government is, and how it is being played. We have a suspicion that somebody is marking the cards.

The suffragettes are now finding that breaking up meetings is an entertainment for others as well as themselves. Many Liberal meetings have had to be abandoned on their account, but latterly they have learned that what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. The latest row is at Sutton in Surrey, where Mrs. Despard and her friends of the Woman's Freedom League talked for three-quarters of an hour the other night without getting a hearing, and where, in addition, they were troubled by three rats, much sprinkling of Cayenne pepper, and a plentiful supply of malodorous chemicals. It is hereby suggested that they should now cry peace, and talk and let talk. The new proposition in their campaign is to refuse payment of income tax, property tax, and inhabited house duty. This will involve the consequence that those ladies who have neither goods nor chattels will go to gaol, and that those who have will receive the earnest attention of the broker. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

We congratulate the London County Council on its decision to permit smoking in all theatres licensed by them, exactly as in music-halls. This is a reasonable managerial liberty. It does not mean that theatrical managers will be compelled to allow smoking, but that they may do so if the concession will please their patrons. There is no question that many more men would be attracted to theatres if they were allowed to smoke, and with the men would come the women. Liberty to smoke a good cigar might save many a bad play. Nobody stays away from music-halls because smoking is allowed, and many go who neither smoke nor wish to smoke during the performance. What happens in the music-halls will probably happen in the theatre, though probably many of the West End managers will stand out against the innovation. Mr. George Edwardes, for one, is dead against it, and Mr. George Alexander for another. The West End actresses and actors are mostly against it, too. In such a matter, however, liberty of action is the main point. As you like, as you will.

One of the multitude of parsons complains that if anybody could devise a really effectual remedy for the church cough he would deserve one of our famous biscuits—well, perhaps he did not put the reward as high as that, but let it stand. What is needed to the end in view is that somebody should arise and suggest a remedy for church draughts and church chills. We go to church—beg pardon, our mistake again; people go to church and sit and shiver in ill-warmed buildings, and through all the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults blow airs from heaven and blasts from goodness knows where, till sneezing and coughing become epidemic. It should also be added that there are some sermons which would make anybody's cough drop.

American society has a useful Christmas topic in the complimentary references which have recently been made to it by Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, she who was a sacrificial Suffragette, and Monsieur Alexandre Ular, a gentleman who is the editor of something or other in Paris. Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson says the American woman is a parasite who "produces nothing except envy and strife," is "only a bore when she pretends to culture," and "measures all humanity by its clothes." Monsieur Ular confirmatively adds that, though she does judge humanity by its clothes, she doesn't know how to wear 'em. Far be it from us to interfere in this painful controversy. For long years we have accepted the assurance of the fashion books that Aunt Jonathan was the finest dressed woman in the world, albeit that we have never noticed it ourselves: but then this may be because American ladies in London are only partially visible behind a brown or blue mosquito net. Still, there is always this consolation—if you cannot see them, you can always hear them.

The new Prevention of Corruption Act is the finest thing in the world for Scrooge and Skinflint, and is being used by these gentlemen as an excuse for cutting off their usual Christmas charities, such as they are. Probably when the butcher's boy, and the baker's boy, and the green-grocer's boy hand in their card, and also personally express their hope that Scrooge and Skinflint, likewise Mrs. Scrooge and the Misses Scrooge, and Mrs. Skinflint and Master Skinflint, may have a jolly Christmas and a happy new year, they will be surprised at the inadequacy of the response. In short, Scrooge and Skinflint are going to plead the Corruption Act by way of making meanness a virtue. May they have a bad attack of indigestion.

Seeing that Mr. Robert Caldwell is no longer part of the Druce affair, and that Mr. Atherley Jones, K.C., has thrown him over as a somewhat too imaginative old gentleman for his purposes, it seems permissible to say that it would have required a few hundred Robert Caldwells, all pitching the same story, to convince a British jury that jesting Pilate had at last been satisfactorily answered. We say nothing of the merits or demerits of the Druce claim. That claim may be as impregnable as the Rock of Holy Scripture (to use a famous Gladstonian phrase), but what is obvious is that the demonstration by any witness of the proposition that Truth is a liar will not get it much forrarder. Mr. Atherley Jones sees this clearly, and therefore Mr. Robert Caldwell is shed without a sigh or a tear. What will happen to him next is with Scotland Yard and the gods.

"Jim Crow" writes from Monte Carlo: "While you poor angels are buffeted by winds and floods, I am basking in molten sunshine beside an azure sea. But my present comforts are the due reward after a very uncomfortable journey. The railway companies are too fond of advertising their wonderful turbine steamers when they run them, but say nothing when they take them off. I went by Newhaven and Dieppe, because I believe the crossing is smoother, though a little longer. However, I found a miserable little French boat, which yielded to every billow. Of course, my first care was to ensconce Mrs. Crow in the ladies' cabin, and bespeak creature comforts for her before fortifying myself

against the elements with my favourite brand. What was my disgust to find the stewardess proclaiming loudly that it was to be a very bad crossing. 'Ah!' she exclaimed to every fresh arrival, 'we shall dance to-day!' Then she busied herself distributing basins, 'Don't you make any mistake, you are sure to need them.' Now, sea-sickness is largely dependent on the imagination. One must always persuade oneself that one is going to be perfectly well. It was, therefore, a wicked and stupid policy to inform ladies that they would certainly be ill. I pointed this out to the wretch, but she replied, with some impudence, that she knew her own business best. Let us all, then, take care not to travel by the s.s. 'Tamise' in future.

"Well, here I am, in an excellent little hotel, next door to the Goolds' famous flat. I have not yet been able to visit it, as the police seals have not been removed, but I notice a board announcing a flat to let. I should not think there would be any very keen competition to secure the undesirable residence. All sorts of stories are afloat about the Goolds. I hear that they tried very hard to take another flat underneath one occupied by a rich American lady. This was all the more suspicious, because the rent of their own flat had then been paid in advance. One theory is that they had already made away with seventeen people before they were found out.

"I am told that Cannes is growing tired of the Grand Duke Michael. More of this next week."

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

AWARD No. 482.

For saying in his summing up in the Wood trial "the woman must have been murdered by a man who was leading a double life,"

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 483.

For reporting a witness as swearing that Mr. Druce was "about witness's own height—55 ft. 8 or 9 in."

THE *MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 484.

For stating in its report of the proceedings at the men's suffragists' meeting that "the Rev. Mr. Campbell met with a tremendous reception when he sat down,"

THE *MORNING LEADER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 485.

For announcing "dress optional" at the Chester City Police Ball.

SERGT. ISAAC JONES & P.C. JAMES GRIFFITHS
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 486.

For saying that "old and well remembered faces shook me by the hand,"

T.P.'s WEEKLY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 487.

For stating that Mr. Lloyd-George's "efforts at the physiological moment undoubtedly averted a grave crisis,"

THE *MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE*,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 488.

For stating that "we Temperance people make moderate and truthful statements," and then proceeding to say, "On our side we have the people of England,"

MR. LEIF JONES, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 489.

For alluding to "mounted policemen (without horses)"

THE *LIVERPOOL ECHO*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 490.

For stating on their programmes that "Father Bernard Vaughan may be obtained of the attendants, price 3s. 9d.,"

THE MANAGERS OF DRURY LANE THEATRE
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 491.

For stating that the new Criminal Appeal Act would lead to miscarriage of justice,

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 492.

For stating that "three men were injured, their names are Sarah Tindall (16), *Walter Pottle* (11), *and Miss Hubbard,"*

THE *GLASGOW EVENING TIMES*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 493.

For announcing that "Princess Louise and the Duchess of Argyll" were to open Emery Hall,"

THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 494.

For stating in one and the same telegram that Mr. Maxwell "is expected to die," and that, if certain charges made against him are proved, they "will entail a lifetime in gaol,"

THE NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT OF THE
DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 495.

For calling the Palanka district "a vilayet of Uskub,"

THE VIENNA CORRESPONDENT OF THE
DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 496.

*For heading the birth column with "*EXCEPTIONAL BARGAINS,"

THE *STREATHAM NEWS AND WANDSWORTH CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

What is Your Number?

IMPORTANT ALTERATION IN OUR WEEKLY BALLOT SCHEME.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

Hitherto, it has been our custom to draw TEN *numbers weekly, and to pay to each of the holders the sum of £5; but in future we shall select fifty helpers weekly at a guinea each.*

Upon compliance with the conditions of the scheme cheques will be duly forwarded.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE FIFTY NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 23RD:—

32	18826	34122	47745	83146
1647	22824	38100	50427	89158
2141	24502	39023	50923	90034
2716	24665	43395	51238	91308
3447	26105	44189	61740	97207
4028	26801	44685	64684	97564
11776	28570	46075	69422	103767
12665	29066	46606	71454	109223
16469	33220	47102	80327	110667
17146	33626	47597	81986	113201

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED FEBRUARY 1ST (PUBLISHED JANUARY 30TH).

JOHN BULL'S NEWEST THEOLOGY.—VIII.

By Enquirer.

THE HUMOUR OF THE BIBLE.

What! Never thought there was such a thing in the Best of Books? Why it simply teems with the best of everything.

The reason why the lighter and brighter side of Scripture has never been very prominent, is simple. No one durst allude to it for fear of being thought irreverent. I for one should never dare to be irreverent, but I take the risk of being *thought* so in common justice to The Book itself. Why should it suffer under the evil reputation of being the most sombre and depressing piece of literature extant, when exactly the reverse is the case?

It must be distinctly understood, however, that I only venture to point out one or two delightfully quaint items of Scripture with a set, and I trust, laudable purpose. That purpose is to lead readers to search the Scriptures, as being the most entrancing literature ever written. By this means, perchance, the cause of Religion itself may be advanced. Indeed, I conscientiously believe that to be my mission. I am no scoffer, but a devout believer in the Bible, from cover to cover. But my religion is a cheerful religion, as was that of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, than whom no funnier man ever chuckled. Witness his "John Ploughman's Talk." and other humorous works, the quintessence of sanctified wit. My allusions, moreovet, will be purely historical, not doctrinal, features. Forgive me if I seem to protest too much. . . .

The editor of a big London group of publications once told me that there had not been an original joke for thousands of years. He kindly explained that the funny stories we simple-minded journalists of the present day serve up as absolutely fresh are but variegated re-hashes of the twenty-nine original jokes. And all these twenty-nine (there never were thirty, and never will be, according to him), are of antedeluvian origin. So, at least, he said, and seeing he runs two or three comics in his miscellaneous group of snippets, "mags." and novelettes, he ought to know.

If such be the case, people of Bible times must either have laughed at *our* time-worn jokes, or have listened to them in uncomplaining silence, as we do in the 20th century, A.D. It is possible, indeed, that Solomon's famous pronouncement, "there is no new thing under the sun," may have been made when smarting under one of the twenty-nine, inflicted by a favourite courtier.

The great editor did not tell *me* the twenty-nine original jokes—he has the reputation of being most considerate to his inferiors—but surely the Irish Bull must have been one of them.

This is borne out by Biblical investigation. Clearly the Irish Bull must have been known to the Israelites. We gather this by turning up the (Authorised Version of the) Second Book of Kings, chapter xix., and 35th verse. There we read—"And it came to pass that night, that the angel . . . went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses. Verse 36th. So Sennacherib king of Assyria departed, and went and returned."

Who can wonder that he departed and went and returned after that? The calculating Nap., ay, even the methodical Kitch., could have done no more with an army of dead corpses, no matter how early they rose, no matter how much "2 o'clock in the morning courage" they displayed. And this after years, no doubt, spent by old Senna in inculcating the virtue of early rising on his troops, so thoroughly indeed that they apparently continued the good habit after they were dead! Wouldn't it make any general down-hearted to find it merely a moral victory over laziness at the best? And what of the little Assyrian Brodricks and Haldanes themselves! Wouldn't they be surprised? Picture their dismay, after getting up with the lark, at finding themselves even less effective than an ordinary British Paper Army Corps. Imagine their reflections on how much more comfortable, and how infinitely more respectable, it would have been, had they remained quietly in their beds that particular morning—official corpses, and dead corpses at that.

In connection with this delightful example of the Irish Bull, it may be noted that there existed, even in Bible literature, "the man who couldn't see the point." He must have been an early example of Sydney Smith's Scotchman. (I'm Scotch myself, so don't worry. I don't.) The 37th chapter of Isaiah is practically a transcript of the 19th chapter of 2nd Kings. But the copyist, who makes slight alterations here and there, does not attempt to clear up the delicious obscurity of grammar perpetrated by the original writer. The transcriber simply repeats the Bull, word for word, in the 36th verse of his copied chapter.

As we all know, the inflection of a voice has a lot to do with the humorous in speech. In print, emphasis is usually indicated by italics. But not so in the case of the Bible. What is implied, when a word or phrase is there rendered in italics, is that the translators, under that "most dread Sovereign," King Jamie, I and VI., had some doubt about the original text. Where they were technically uncertain of the translation, or where they filled in words with the intention of helping the sense, such weaker words were italicised. But these words did not invariably help the sense, and in some cases the italics cumbered it up in such a way as to form verbal pitfalls of a distinctly humorous character. Here is one glaringly funny instance.

Turning to 1 Kings, chapter xiii., we read a most fascinating story about a certain unprincipled lying old prophet, who got a man into grievous trouble, out of sheer cussedness, as it would seem. If you haven't read that story, you should make a point of reading it all without delay. But, to labour the point in hand now, I have excerpted sundry passages, and set them down, with the italics, precisely as they appear in the Authorised Version. (It is sincerely to be hoped these printer devils are careful for once. Where it is inhumanly possible to spoil a good thing, they usually do.)

To proceed. 1 Kings xiii. 13, "And he said unto his sons, Saddle me the ass. So they saddled him the ass; and he rode thereon."

So far, so good. We may have scented mysterious verbal danger, but no mistake was made about it that time. Wait. In the 27th verse, the complicated and dangerous performance happens once too often.

"And he spake to his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass. And they saddled *him*." With this appalling error of judgment the verse comes to a full stop.

The translators could not, or would not, leave out their fatal italics, and so a horrible mistake was, apparently, the result. Yes, yes. We all understand what was meant, but whenever I read that verse imagination overpowers understanding and carries me away to the realms of absurdity. I picture that wicked old prophet struggling with a horde of thick-headed louts of sons, who thought his inflection had been—"Saddle *me*—the ass," and who were determined to rig *him*, the prophet, out with the saddle (as per the italics they did) though it hurt them. And I should fancy the fiery old chap would just hurt them, under such circumstances.

Nothing goes right with the grammar of the story after this. The translators have thrown themselves completely out of gear over that dreadful italicised "*him*." In verse 28 they start gaily off again,—"And he went and found his carcase cast in the way."

The mix-up here becomes general. We clear up the first "he" as being the wicket prophet, not the ass, and start afresh. But, in another couple of words, we find that *he* finds his carcase. Whose carcase? Realising the improbability of the undeserving old villain having two carcases (one of which he has inadvertently left lying about), we trace its real ownership to the good prophet of the story, who has had my genuine sympathy from childhood up.

The translators of this story never really recover their bearings amongst all these he's, his's, and him's. In verse 30, the incorrigible old scoundrel is at his old tricks once more,—"And he laid his carcase in his own grave; and they mourned over him, *saying*, Alas, my brother!"

The venerable hypocrite, you must understand, was at this stage still alive.

But one thing is here very clear, viz., that the makers of a certain beef-extract of modern times have read this story. And that they have profited by it, who can doubt? Witness their picture advertisement with the borrowed phrase, "Alas! my brother." Which is all very satisfactory, and as it should be, perhaps, or, on the other hand, perhaps not.

(To be continued.)

OUR MODEL LIMERICK COMPETITION.

RESULT OF THE BALLOT.

The total number of votes recorded was 18,584. Many lines received no votes at all, whilst in numerous other cases only one vote was obtained. The highest number of votes polled for any line was 752—these being secured by Miss Hull, of 9, Methuen Park, Muswell Hill, for the innocent-looking line—"And pray that the sales won't recede." With this sentiment we, of course, heartily agree, but as will be seen below, the line does not commend itself to us as possessing supreme poetic merit. The next in order is Mr. W. W. Perriton, of 88, Erskine Road, Walthamstow, who gets 430 votes for "Horatio—Stand forth and succeed." Again, the sentiment is an excellent one, but that is the best we can say for it. Then comes Mr. A. G. Sheppard, of 30, Oxford Road, Southampton, with 405 votes for "Who discard it are wet like Seaweed (C. weed)." We have pondered well over the hidden meaning of this effusion—but give it up. Mr. Sheppard is followed by Mr. H. G. E. Vardon, of 40, West Cromwell Road, S. Kensington, with 394 votes for "Fairplay for lines (railway and limerick) does intercede." Here again we are staggered by the grandeur of the language. Next we have Mr. J. Barrow, of 96, Waterloo Road, Ashton-on-Ribble, Preston, with 300 votes for "While we puff at our fragrant weed," and Mr. Leonard Weston, of 83, Athenlay Road, Nunhead, S.E., polls 200 votes for "And to the query 'What's your number?' take heed"!

We have no space to reproduce more than these specimens, and the only question remaining is how the prize fund is to be distributed.

It will be remembered that the sum available is £104 17s., independently of our own addition of 10 guineas—which latter sum is to be distributed amongst those who voted for the line which we consider the best—or rather the least bad. That line, after many sleepless nights and much travail of spirit, we have finally decided to be

"AND WINNOW (WE KNOW) 'THE CHAFF' FROM THE 'SEED.'"

Now it is obvious we cannot afford a penny postage stamp in order to send 1½d. to each of those competitors who has secured only one vote, and we think it will meet with general approval that no prize should be less than 2s. In other words, the whole fund will be distributed *pro rata*, according to the result of the ballot, amongst all competitors who have received not less than 12 votes. Of such competitors there are 303 and 12,369 votes have been recorded in favour of their lines. This, it will be observed, works out at 2d. per vote.

The following are the votes given for the respective lines, which are indicated by numbers corresponding with those in our recent Limerick Supplement:—

Line 2407, 752 votes; 2525, 430; 1691, 405; 265, 394; 4903, 300; 612, 200; 2022, 185; 254, 175; 2473, 159; 1417, 154; 3594, 143; 4885, 141; 4797, 131; 3567, 129; 4868, 120; 4957, 118; 4421, 117; 3916, 116; 1868, 115; 1301, 113; 925 and 3862, 110; 319, 106; 3634, 104; 535, 103; 4211, 101; 1935 and 3272, 100; 366, 95; 4876, 94; 425 and 1911, 93; 3575, 90; 3021, 3362, and 3681, 89; 101, 87; 2656, 80; 275, 78; 4690, 77; 4021, 75; 2799, 4156, and 4537, 70; 15, 69; 102, 3310, and 4549, 67; 273 and 3939, 66; 983 and 2733, 64; 3528, 63; 845 and 4102, 60; 4213, 58; 4855, 2892 and 2076, 56; 4107, 55; 1756 and 4359, 53; 2186, 52; 1026, 4214, and 1470, 51; 83, 1220, 2713, and 3210, 50; 1860, 49; 3796, 46; 3452 and 4011, 45; 3465, 44; 4399, 42; 704 and 1475, 41; 4942, 40; 2885 and 3757, 39; 1669 and 2604, 37; 696, 36; 2159 and 2216, 35; 446, 581, 2162, and 4125, 34; 1637, 2756, and 3818, 33; 2986 and 4650, 32; 2428, 3590, and 3693, 31; 605, 1108, 1125, 3035, 4288, and 2767, 30; 260, 2331, 2864, and 3142, 29; 1126, 1907, and 4657, 28; 844 and 1967, 27; 1127, 1373, 1537, 1808, 2149, 3180, 4098, and 4566, 26; 640, 2070, 3158, 3182, 3247, and 3873, 25; 2063, 3892, 4233, 4628, and 4901, 24; 881, 1101, 2302, 2585, 2692, and 3537, 23; 789, 1075, 2151, 2937, and 3167, 22; 175, 502, 862, 895, 997, 1204, 2884, 3186, 3545, 3647, 4242, and 4662, 21; 632, 1233, 1330, 1857, 2619, 2762, 3766, 4298, and 4873, 20; 293, 806, 1120, 2904, 3116, 3135, and 3737, 19; 65, 112, 334, 442, 1100, 1329, 1561, 1726, 1969, 2778, 3348, 3736, 4536, and 4905, 18; 333, 836, 1149, 1185, 1282, 1634, 1917, 1953, 2506, 2549, 2772, 3253, 3366, 3399, 3403, 4384, and 4682, 17; 24, 1073, 1305, 3371, and 4916, 16; 73, 426, 623, 660, 678, 736, 994, 1167, 1580, 2222, 2,359, 2362, 2631, 2759, 2931, 3071, 3157, 3394, 3603, 3850, 4113, 4227, 4529, and 4910, 15; 282, 851, 932, 1544, 1847, 2115, 2226, 2554, 2667, 2963, 3610, 3877, 3986, 4216, 4434, and 4945, 14; 53, 184, 712, 750, 985, 1098, 1291, 1491, 1719, 1881, 1902, 2011, 2067, 2239, 2375, 2433, 2846, 3013, 3345, 3383, 3499, 3622, 3747, 3814, 3945, 4205, and 4665, 13; 627, 747, 886, 1014, 1029, 1063, 1107, 1325, 1434, 1533, 1545, 1593, 1619, 1651, 1724, 1921, 1965, 2127, 2266, 2288, 2361, 2464, 2545, 2562, 2603, 2721, 2890, 2894, 3134, 3309, 3467, 3597, 4364, 4377, 4789, 4825, and 4476, 12.

OUR OWN SELECTION.

Six votes only were recorded for the line we have selected as the best sent in, and our contribution of 10 guineas will be divided amongst the following, each of whom will receive £1 15s.:—

MR. H. WILSON, 2, St. Aubin's Villas, Lower Richmond Road, Mortlake, S.W.
MR. J. H. WEBER, 24, Oxford Road, Bevois Mount, Southampton.
MR. GEO. BETSON, 28, Hartington Road, Southend-on-Sea.
MR. J. NAWELLS, 15, Chipley Street, New Cross, S.E.
MR. ARTHUR GOTTSCHALCK, 24, Wellington Crescent, Shipley, Yorks.
MR. RAE ROTHSCHILD, 228, Pershore Road, Birmingham.

The author of this line, Mr. G. Wilson, of 2, St. Aubin's Villas, Lower Richmond Road, Mortlake, would, on the basis of the number of votes received, get nothing, although a Mr. H. Wilson, of the same address, obtains 35s. for his vote. We have, therefore, awarded Mr. G. Wilson a special prize of two guineas.

NORWAY AND JOHN BULL.

Our recent remarks about Sweden and Norway have aroused considerable interest in Scandinavia. The *Dagbladet* of Stockholm endorsed our views, while the *Aftensbladet* of Christiania says: "This sort of agitation ought scarcely to be initiated in England, where so many are personally acquainted with Norwegian culture and civilisation." But an English resident in Norway writes: "Unfortunately for the *Aftensbladet's* contention, JOHN BULL's opinion is the opinion of most Englishmen resident in Norway. We have all heard so much of these 'gallant sons of Vikings' that people at home have come to believe that in no country in Europe are English interests so secure. As a matter of fact, the contrary is the case. The cry of 'All for Norway' means the expropriation of English mines, paper factories, and 1,001 industries, which have helped to bolster up this poorest and most heavily-taxed nation on earth. Already, by an amendment of the mining laws, no Englishman or other foreigner may prospect, or even register a claim; and a provisional law has been passed, compelling English directorates to admit Norwegian capital and management to their undertakings in Norway. A select committee of the Left, headed by Gunnar Knudsen (President of the Storthing), has actually proposed that English mining undertakings be expropriated after a period of thirty years (if they are paying) for a nominal sum; also that forest concessions shall be curtailed to an extent which will leave present and future paper factories at the mercy of an ultra-Socialist State. Knudsen has almost succeeded in turning out the present Government for their complaisance in granting concessions to foreign capitalists, and he will certainly be Prime Minister of Norway some day. We must not forget that, during the Boer War, Norwegians were placed in the front by the Boers (who knew them), and that the Norwegian press was then very violent in its denunciations of England. We are content to live in this beautful country, taxed to the eyes both on our supposed income and capital without the least right to a vote. We look with complacency on new laws, whereby we may not become Norwegian citizens (in order to participate in Norwegian ventures) without a friend's personal guarantee as to our present and future solvency. That we are not allowed to shoot without first paying a prohibitory tax we regard rather as a joke when it is remembered that we are not allowed to import dogs, without which shooting in Norway is impossible. But we do complain when our patent medicines and doctors' prescriptions from England are confiscated on arrival, and we are told that we must go to Norwegian apothecaries and doctors.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Pantomime Songs.

Some of the provincial pantomimes opened weeks ago; others of them began operations a few days since; by the time these lines are read the season will be in full swing. Whatever else of good or ill the pantomimes of this year may have brought, they seem certainly to have provided the street-organ-man and the butcher's boy with numerous catchy airs. Always the pantomimes bring us one or two more or less desirable songs that cleave to the ear of the multitude, become popular with the crowd by repetition, and familiar to the classes through the medium of the peripatetic music-man and the tradesmen's lads. This year more than the usual number of ditties seem likely to enjoy an extended favour, some of them serio, some comic, and others neither this nor that. Rhythm rather than rhyme is the motto of the writers of pantomime songs, and the obvious is their accustomed form of humour. Many of their most striking effects, too, are obtained by repeating not merely fly-blown sentiment, or elderly gags, but single words or silly phrases, remarkable, chiefly, for a curious inappropriateness, which is mistaken for comical incongruity or pathos, as the case may be. Still, those who hear them have a way of liking them, which is well, for in many cases the air if academically indefensible is pleasant to all but cranks and experts—until we are sated with it by about the end of March.

Music for the Bath.

It is told of a well-known light music writer that, being reproached by a pedant for composing nothing that could be sung at a high-class concert, the humble brother remarked that he was quite content that his countrymen should whistle his music in their baths. We whistle (or, if respectably inclined, we hum) the pantomime tunes in our baths—and shout them in our cups. We might do worse. And, besides, what would become of the suburban pianist, poor thing, if there were no pantomime songs to vamp—of the suburban vocalist if there were none to murder at local smokers. More popular songs come to birth in the two months of pantomime than in the whole of the music-hall year.

Favourites of the Year.

Of course, there is a Diabolo song this year—one of the feeblest of the novelties, considered as English verse, but not likely to be last in the race for public favour.

> We led simple lives, but now wherever we go
> It's oh, oh, Diabolo, lo!

is not an effort over which the Ancient Muse would weep tears of joy, perhaps; but, then, neither are some of the most famous and lasting of our popular songs—albeit most of the old songs are much better written than are most of the new. "In the Valleys of Switzerland" is equally open to improvement, from the point of view of the rigid stickler for the rules; but before the week is out the Younger Generation from one end of the country to the other will be giving it voice. Should any of my readers care to commit it to memory here are the crucial lines of this great work:—

> In the Valleys of Switzerland,
> Switzerland, Switzerland,
> With my sweetheart hand in hand
> How I long to be.
> I know she will be waiting there,
> Waiting there, waiting there,
> And a home with me she'll share
> In the valleys of Switzerland.

Even more catchy than this (*vide* the judges of these things, who are as clever as Gilbert Jessop at estimating the relative values of competing inanities) is a song with the dazzling refrain:—

> In the twi-twi-twilight,
> Out in the beautiful twilight.

This masterpiece should appeal especially to people who stutter. It reminds me of those early Methodist hymns, parts of the lines of which were repeated at times with ludicrous results, as in the leading instance of:—

> And catch the flee—
> And catch the flee—
> And catch the fleeting years.

—a once cherished feature of all properly-regulated camp meetings and love-feasts.

How it is Done.

When I was a small boy I used to wonder whether the hymn-writers had to write to fit the tunes; for only on this theory could I account for their writing so badly. I am convinced that this is the method pursued by the persons responsible for pantomime songs. By no other means could such extraordinary results in literary composition be achieved. Take the chief coon song of this year:—

> If the man in the moon were a coon, coon, coon,
> what would you do?
> 'Twould be dark if a coon were in the moon, moon,
> moon for me and you;
> No roaming round the park at night,
> No courting in the bright moonlight,
> If the man in the moon were a coon.

Such strokes of poetic inspiration give one an impression very similar to that received by the baby girl, who thought the currants in her cake had been put there by her brother's hair-gun, fired at twenty paces. I hope to live to see the last coon song decently buried. Except for two or three of those sung by Mr. 'Gene Stratton, the whole lot of them have been vulgar and egregious, utterly without excuse as music or humour or sentiment. There is no defence for writing coon songs now, not even the thin plea of novelty; and music-hall and theatre proprietors who allow them to be sung hereafter should be dealt with as severely as restaurateurs who give one ptomaine poisoning when he pays for fish, or fusel oil when he asks for Black Horse whisky.

A Winner.

There is distinct merit, both verbal and musical, in the waltz-time song of the year. Mr. Darewski, who knows all about the latter, describes it as a "dreamy, slurring melody," whilst the words, or some of them, run thus:—

> When you know you're not forgotten,
> By the girl you can't forget,
> When you find the girl you left behind,
> Is thinking of you yet,
> Round your heart a feeling, stealing,
> Comes to drive away regret,
> When you know you're not forgotten,
> By the girl you can't forget.

This is not great—several poets ancient and modern have done better—but it is tolerable; and of few of these pantomime songs can that be said. In "The Education of Elizabeth," two of the characters discuss the points of a new musical comedy supposed to be in rehearsal; and from this discussion emerges gradually the fact that the new musical comedy is very like all previous works of the same type. The new songs are just the old songs, with a row of frilling added or taken away. More than one of the pantomime songs of this season is very reminiscent. I feel sure that some of my readers will recognise the ancestry of this:—

> Pansy, my own dear Pansy,
> Pansy with eyes so blue;
> When you are near or absent, dear,
> My thoughts are all of you.

One earlier song on this same attractive theme had a quaint little history.

A Sentimental Satire.

A friend of mine was singing at the London Pavilion, and had some difficulty in getting just the sort of song he wanted—new (as songs go), simple, and treacly. He said so over supper one night; and thereupon a member of the party wrote a pretty little satire on the prescription drawn up. My friend read it, and decided to get the piece set to "sloppy" music and sing it as a sentimental song. He did so; and it was the most successful in his repertory. People in the gallery used loudly to implore him to sing "B—— E——"! Some time ago, I met him in the street after a prolonged absence from the West End; and he told me he was looking eagerly for another "satire." Greater Britain had wept as one woman over the previous effort. In pantomime songs, as in "weal" pies, evidently it's the flavourin' as does it. Of the "Bluebell" breed this time we have "Honey Boy"; and of the good old stock to which "The Miner's Dream" belonged, there is a new "Auld Lang Syne" song. After all, why should we gibe at the pantomime song, though admittedly its defects are many? It has one big virtue—which is as many as most of us have, even those of us who are critics. It brings undoubted pleasure into the lives of thousands of hard-working people, who can find use for all the seasonable emotion or rollicking joyousness that comes their way. For simple people simple pleasure; and if there are many simpler things on earth than the average pantomime song I should be interested to meet them.

P.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

Your fashionable modern professes to despise Christmas. He growls about the waits and the bills and the boxes of the season. Evidently any appeal to his generosity strikes him as utterly absurd. He is also very bitter about the turkeys and plum-puddings and mince-pies, which tradition has prescribed. All such carnal delights he dismisses as disgusting orgies. "Why," he will tell you, with a curse, "half the population is put out of gear for weeks by all this guzzling and soaking. Look at the waste of time and effort involved. Look at the effect upon the health and temper. My dear sir, the old-fashioned celebration of Christmas was an invention of the Devil."

"And Many of Them."

And you should hear his sarcasms at the expense of the compliments which we exchange at this time of the year. I know one of his type who goes about muttering, "And many of them!" with an irritating snuffle, before we have time to open our mouths. The expressions of our goodwill, inspired by the joyfulness of the season, are to him mere parrot cries, like the vociferations of a "Tariff Reformer."

Mistletoe.

But I am sufficiently hide-bound (I believe that is the correct term) to adhere to the hallowed traditions of Christmas. I like any excuse for a good dinner, and a fine brew of punch warms the cockles of my heart until I bubble over with benevolence. I like to see my house decked out with holly and mistletoe. Above all with mistletoe, my hearties! Now I suppose that some silly curmudgeon will write and point out that I once pretended to disapprove of kissing. So I do, unless I am the prime participator. In any case, the erection of mistletoe is a pleasing pastime. Kissing or no kissing, it affords a delightful excuse for chucking a pretty girl under the chin, or even for a surreptitious cuddle.

Santa Claus.

To enjoy Christmas properly, we must have nice child-like minds. No one must be too solemnly grown up just now. We must romp and play foolish games and thoroughly make up our minds to be amused. I am not sure that I shall not hang my stocking in the chimney and see whether Santa Claus does not bring me a fat cheque from the Editor. I remember the last time I played the stocking game. It was a sock, really, for I had long outgrown stockings and had no business to believe in the old superstitions. Anyhow, I took care to tell my father what I was going to do. But next morning the sock seemed as light as ever, so I put it on and dressed. When I came down to breakfast, my father said, "Well, what about Santa Claus?" "No," I replied, mournfully, "you were quite right. He probably thinks me too old now." "What!" he laughed, "too old at twelve? I've heard of 'too old at forty,' but not 'too old at twelve.' You will have to look again." So, after a good deal of persuasion, I was prevailed upon to take off my boots and socks for a research, which resulted in the discovery of a bank-note. Lest this should seem incredible, I must mention that the incident occurred in Italy, where the notes were small.

Was Father Christmas an Englishman?

I suppose Christmas never seems quite like Christmas anywhere outside old England. Father Christmas possesses all the characteristics of an Englishman and seems strangely out of place on foreign soil. To entertain him there involves a terrible amount of make-believe. I know this, because I have made the effort in many lands. Take Christmas in Paris, for instance. Your modern Frog takes no interest in the anniversary we are celebrating. But he keeps up an institution known as Réveillon. This originally meant that you attended midnight mass, and then had supper with your friends. There are still crowds at the midnight mass, but the subsequent jollification has degenerated into an orgy for which the rites of the Church are scarcely a suitable prelude. All the night-haunts are thronged, riotous parties swill champagne, dance on the tables, scream and shout and yell about the streets, and otherwise comport themselves like maniacs. It is a feast of the Goddess Unreason, a wild and licentious carouse, more appropriate to Yuletide than Christmas. Then the rest of the holy day is probably spent in the congenial company of a sick headache.

Christmas in Italy.

Italians approach Christmas in a more decent spirit. They think it unlucky to leave their houses after dark on Christmas Eve; at any rate, until it is time for the midnight mass. With them, as with us, it is a family festival. Instead of a Christmas tree, they construct a miniature manger, with dolls to represent the infant Christ and the Madonna and the adoring Magi. Then there are presents for the children, many illuminations, and much consumption of marchpane and candied fruits. It is all quite cheerful and homely.

Dismal Celebrations.

Thank goodness, I have never spent a Christmas in Germany. I would forgive it something for inventing the idiotically picturesque idea of the Christmas-tree, but how impossible it would be to feel merry! I have, however, done the next worst things: I have spent one Christmas at sea and one in the desert. The first needed so much make-believe that I decided to celebrate the festival according to the Old Style calendar, which gave me twelve days to reach terra firma. In the desert I had only the companionship of black heathens, who were followers of Mahound. However, I managed to enjoy myself in my own excellent company, which, perhaps, is the best company of all. *Cælum non animam muto* when I run about, and you all know how serene is my soul.

Unseasonable.

And now I am going to spend Christmas at Monte Carlo. My only objection is that no one could call it seasonable to behold a sky of turquoise and a sea of sapphire. However, I don't mind, if you don't, and I wish you "Many of them" under your poor climatic conditions. I shall have the best dinner which the Principality can offer, I shall try to win a fortune at the tables, and I shall drink to all you unfortunate absent friends.

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THE PRIEST AND THE GIRL.

A CASE FOR THE HOME OFFICE.

We have received a visit from a man named Holliday, a French polisher by trade, who, we are told by responsible people, is a person of good character, and who complains that his child was taken from him under very strange circumstances, that she is now, and has been for a long time past, in a penitentiary, although she has never committed any offence, and that although the father is anxious to have her with him, and can give her a good home, she is still detained, despite his protests, in the penitentiary. The facts of the case, as stated by Holliday, and confirmed by the gentleman who has directed our attention to the matter, are to be found in the following statement signed by Holliday, who is prepared to make an affidavit as to its truth. If the facts are as stated, we are sure that Mr. Gladstone, who is always ready to inquire into alleged injustice, will see to it:—

1. That on the death of his first wife, in 1904, and in consequence of illness which necessitated his entering an infirmary, and the breaking up of his home (temporarily) Holliday had to provide for the care of his daughter Dorothy.

2. That he applied to Canon St. John, of St. George's Cathedral, Westminster Bridge Road, who gave a letter of introduction to the Southwark Rescue Society, 5, Westminster Bridge Road, S.W., and informed him that, upon its production, the officials of that institution would find a home for the child until such time as her father was well again, and could have her back.

3. That he went as directed, and was told that an official would call upon him.

4. That this official came, and remarked that he could do nothing, the child not being destitute.

5. That he afterwards, and at the same interview, altered his mind, saying that if Holliday would get her ready and send her into the street he would take her to the home to which the Canon in his letter referred.

6. That, in reply to Holliday's question, the official stated that the child would be able to rejoin her father when he came out of the infirmary and was able to have her with him.

7. That on this understanding, and no other, the child was handed over.

8. That, instead of taking her to a home, the Society's officer took her to the nearest police-station, where she was searched, being also stripped half-naked to the waist, and having her under-linen critically examined, as likewise her body.

9. That this inspection was attended to by a *male* attendant! That the child finally burst into tears.

10. That she was afterwards taken into court, and charged by the aforesaid official with "wandering about without any visible means of subsistence."

11. That he never saw her again.

12. That the child was ordered to be detained in an industrial and reformatory school until the age of sixteen years. She was then nine, and is now thirteen.

13. That Holliday only knew that his daughter had been taken to a police-station when so informed by a next-door neighbour who, coming home from that direction, saw her enter.

14. That he then went to the court to inquire into the matter, but found that the case had been heard.

15. That Holliday only learned of the indignity his child suffered at the police-station, and of the kind of institution she had been sent to, long afterwards, and when he came out of the infirmary, and as a result of his inquiries, and a visit to St. Mary's Industrial and Reformatory School, West Croydon.

16. That the child is perfectly sane, and has never been guilty of any crime. Nor has her father committed any offence.

17. That Holliday applied to the North London magistrate, and, having laid the case before him, was instructed to go to Croydon and ask for his child's release, and, in case of a refusal, to apply through counsel to the Home Secretary.

18. That he got no satisfaction at Croydon.

19. That he then went to the Rescue Society's office at 5, Westminster Bridge Road, and explained what he had done, and been advised to do.

20. That he was there told to leave the matter alone, and that the Society's officials would approach the Home Secretary, who would then let her out.

21. That soon after this one of the Society's officials called when Holliday was out, and saw his wife.

22. That he told her he was "Mr. Gladstone's secretary," and that he had been sent from the Home Office to inquire into the case.

23. That he further expressed himself pleased with Holliday's home, and said that upon representations which he would make the child would soon be back with her father.

24. That when Holliday returned from work his wife told him the news.

25. That both Holliday and she then went to the Rescue Society to thank the officials for what it was imagined had been done, and that while in the Rescue offices Mrs. Holliday recognised in the person of Mr. ——, the Society's ——, the man who told her he was from the Home Office, and who posed as the secretary of Mr. Gladstone!

26. That, when confronted with Holliday and his wife, the bogus "secretary of Mr. Gladstone" got very confused and red in the face, and, not denying his duplicity, begged that the matter might be kept secret.

27. That Holliday then demanded to know why his daughter was falsely charged at the police-station, and was told by this impersonator of State Secretaries that the course the Rescue Society had taken was the only means they had of getting the child into this place, and that the police-court proceedings were a mere form.

And there the matter stands, the child remaining in the penitentiary in spite of the persistent protests of her father.

AN EVER-PRESENT DANGER.

By Rudford W. Aymsdel.

What Mr. Jerome facetiously complained about in regard to stage people is, unhappily, true also respecting—as Miss Janet Patterson would say—"just you and me." Of us also it must be recorded, "They take a lot of killing." I speak after twenty years' study of this subject. I have, from very many quarters, collected a mass of data; and it all tells one story.

Look in your daily papers of the 8th of November last. There you will find the latest recorded case showing how nearly a person may be dead and yet be living. (I say the latest *recorded* case: as to how many cases are *never* recorded you may, if you will study the subject for even much less than twenty years, be able to judge.)

"Alive in her coffin." "Woman's supposed escape from being buried alive."

"Mistaken for Dead. Woman Nearly Buried Alive." That is what the daily Press of September 14 last had to tell us about. This is the next most recent case lighted on by one pair of eyes, which are by no means accustomed to regularly scan the columns of the Press. For details as to this case I have no space. Nor have I for the case best reported in the *Rochdale Observer* of May 29 last and June 1. There you will read how the person mistaken for dead was a commercial traveller—happily still "alive to tell the tale." The details may be summarised in the words of Dr. Brindley James, who was thus reported in the *Daily News* of June 29: "The speaker referred to the recent case at Rochdale, in which a man was only saved from premature interment by the fact that the undertaker measured the body twice, and on the second occasion observed signs of life."

The case that, during recent years, made the greatest sensation will be remembered by most. The wife of a labourer, in the north, was being measured for her coffin, when the undertaker happened to notice the flickering of an eyelid. This woman also is still alive.

The Daily Press of the 15th inst., told us that a gentleman, at Catford, had, in his will, laid it down how his body was to be treated before being cremated.

> "I desire that a competent and trustworthy doctor of medicine shall, by any experiment he may deem suitable, thoroughly satisfy himself that life is absolutely extinct."

On the 5th of September last we read in our daily journal that a Gloucestershire student of the subject had made a similar request. This time, how the doctor was to "satisfy himself" (at any rate) was described:

> "Forty-eight hours before his burial all the important veins and arteries of his body were to be opened by a duly qualified medical man."

That the blood-vessels of a living person may be opened without blood flowing (at the time—and what use may it be later?) we have seen. This last, therefore—standing alone—is useless. So is Dr. Brindley James' suggested remedy of legally compelling a medical man to "personally inspect" an alleged corpse before granting the death-certificate. The only remedy—or, rather, preventive—is a Bill I have drawn up (who will help to get it passed?) compelling, at a local waiting-mortuary, constant observation, and the application of all known tests by men specially trained for the work.

LIMERICK'S ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY.

By E. U. Clid.

Definitions.

(1) A line is rhyme without reason.

(2) A "point" is that part of a line which cannot be seen, has no magnitude and no meaning.

(3) A winning line is that which has most "points."

(4) The eccentricities of a line are "points."

(5) A *good* last line is the last line to win.

[This definition is ambiguous, and students must be careful how they construe it.]

(6) A scrutiny is less than a superficies.

(7) A police scrutiny is more than likely.

(8) A rhumpus is the wrangle which is created when two lines are equal, but the "figures" resulting from those lines are unequal.

(9) If two lines be equal, the line drawn from a point inside the radius is not in the same plane(t) or in the same street as the one drawn from a point outside the radius.

(10) Parallel straight judges are such as are in the same office, and, being ever so busy, never meet, but are of the same mind.

Postulates.

Let it be granted, that a straight judge may be prejudiced to any length.

That any two judges are together less than one square judge.

Prop. I.—Theorem.

If there be two lines from two towns, and the amount of the prize to the one is equal to the amount of the prize to the other, each to each, then shall both lines be equally bad.

For if not, suppose one line to be worse than the other, then the other is not so bad as it might have been, which is absurd.

Prop. II.—Problem.

To prove that a straight line is not a straight line.

From a certain point in the course of *Answers'* Limerick Problems, draw four lines, viz. :—

A sporting young fellow of Bray,
Shot *straight* at a partridge one day;
But a pig in the field
Gave a jump and then squealed,

and let G be the gun, P the partridge, and Y the pig. Draw a straight line from G in the direction of P. Then, if a straight line be a straight line, P must "fall" within that line. But it was shown by twenty prize-winners and confirmed by the judge, that P did not fall within that line. Similarly, it was proved that Y (the pig) did. Therefore the line from G to P was not straight. For suppose that line to have been straight, then because Y (the pig) fell within it, therefore pigs fly, which is absurd. Therefore the young fellow did not shoot *straight* at P. And because the proposition distinctly states that he did is neither here nor there. For, are you judging this competition, or are we? We are; and we say a straight line is not a straight line, and therefore it isn't, and our decision is final. Q.E.D.

Similarly it can be shown that a straight judge is not a straight judge.

Prop. III.—Problem.

In a given last line, to find a point equal to the amount of a given cheque.

Let "'All-red' roots (routes) in the 'fuchsia' (future) he'll see" be the given last line, and £180 4s. 3d. the amount of the given cheque.

In the given line take the word "fuchsia," bisect it, trisect, dissect it, brown-dog it, knock its "i" out if necessary, wring its apex and shake its base until it can't stand; then, because it is bounded by inverted commas, and because the word "future" is enclosed by the arcs ( ), and because the two words are side by side, therefore (if you are drunk enough) they will coincide in sound, and therefore it is a "point." Therefore a "point" has been found in the given line equal to a cheque for £180 4s. 3d., and therefore there is no more to be said. Q.E.D.

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THE COLONEL AND HIS CHURCH.

One of the most curious points about that rather curious institution, the Established Church, is the small degree of control the State, or, rather, its representatives, the Bishops, exercise over Church buildings. If a rector takes it into his head to pull down a historic piece of architecture, it is extremely difficult to prevent him doing so, and it is equally difficult to make him keep it in repair. The parishioner has practically no voice in the matter, although the church is supposed to exist for his benefit. The same applies to the opening of churches on week-days. The incumbent has the key, and it rests with him whether he keeps the door locked or not. As a rule, at any rate in the country, the churches are open all day; and in the majority of cases, when they are locked there is some valid reason for the practice, such as damage having been done to monuments or money stolen from the poor-box; but it is always possible to get into any of them merely by applying for the key, or, at least, I always found it possible until I came to the one splendid exception—Warnford, in Hampshire—where the key is in the possession of the local squire, Colonel Woods, J.P., Lord of the Manor, who levies a toll of sixpence per head on all week-day visitors to the church, and in many cases literally adds insult to the injury of making them pay.

Warnford Church, one of the most interesting buildings in Hampshire, stands in Colonel Woods' park—or, rather, Colonel Woods' park surrounds the church, which has been there since the eleventh century—and Colonel Woods is the fierce man from Wigan who has lately been defying the Army Council over the question of his son's efficiency.

A Man of Baronial Temperament.

Apparently, this gallant ornament of His Majesty's Auxiliary Forces does not like the church being in his grounds, and still less does he like people coming to see the church. One might have thought that the receipt of sixpences would solace him, and that, having established the toll, he would endeavour to twist his rather rugged features into a pleasant grin, and murmur, "Let 'em all come." But, unfortunately, he is what might be called a man of baronial temperament. One could easily imagine him standing on the walls of a mediæval keep calling for the hot lead to pour on the besiegers, or sallying forth in a rather rusty suit of armour to collect the poor-rate from the local Jews. He ought to have been a baron, for in that case he could have solved the whole question by levelling the church to the ground, and immuring—I believe that is the right word—all who protested in the castle dungeon. It would have been far more dignified than taking sixpences from visitors, and calling them rude names after they had paid.

Colonel Woods, J.P., is not a pleasant man, and at times his speech betrayeth him rather badly, especially when the innocent visitor happens to come in a motor car. They do not love him in the district, and they say things about him which no editor would print. The Colonel himself could not put them with more point and emphasis, even if he were referring to a vicar who had sued him for his tithes. He is not an ideal squire. One can hardly picture him as the father of the countryside, distributing blankets and beer to rosy-cheeked tenantry in blue smocks; although in one respect he does keep up the old patriarchal customs—he has a superb squire's pew in that same Warnford Church, a huge oaken enclosure with high sides to it, set well away from the vulgar herd, the serfs and villeins—a pew in which all the carving is inside, so that none but squirely eyes shall rest upon its beauties.

Free Prayer on Sundays Only.

Possibly it is his regard for that pew that makes him charge admission to the church. He may think it is worth that much to see it, although the excuse seems barely sufficient; for, surely the church belongs to the people, and the people have a right to enter it at any time. There is nothing in the canons of the Church to tell us that religion is only to be kept for Sundays, and that private prayer on week-days must be paid for at so much per head. It would be interesting to know exactly how the vicar of Warnford stands in the matter. True, the gentleman—the Rev. Mr. Wynne—who held the living a year ago was somewhat of the squire's type—he was the only incumbent out of several thousands who refused to give particulars of his parish plate and registers to a certain great national work of reference—but perhaps his surroundings had something to do with his rudeness; and it must spoil even a parson's temper to see his church key in the possession of a layman, and to know that layman is collecting whatever sixpences happen to be obtainable from visitors or week-day worshippers. It would also be interesting to know the Bishop of Winchester's opinion.

H.

We have some specially fine Christmas and New Year picture postcards, and shall be happy to send a few to any reader applying to the publisher for them.

JOHN BULL'S FIRST FRENCH COURSE.

How to Parlez in Five Minutes.

1. Avvey voo anything to declarey?
Nong, but votre tabac Frangsay ay tres mauvay.
2. Voo parlay Frangsay, not is it not?
Weewee. Tray very much bohkoo, by blue!
3. Oo couchay yourself ser swar?
Jer ner say pah. Jer not avvey un hotel to alley to.
4. What then do you?
Jer wait eeci pour the frère to me portay to the mayzong of the grahng père.
5. Speaks le frère Frangsay also?
But nong. Il has the brass Anglay. Le brass Anglay parlays Frangsay too le joor, ay all the night also.
6. Jer laugh myself of it. Avvey voo hunger?
Weewee. But jer wait till le frère marches to me carry ah lah mayzong of the grahng père.
7. Ayt voo tray beeang?
Tray beeang, mercy, by blue; but jer wait pour le frère to—
8. Regarday cet man lah, not is it not? Il ay with lah peteet madamoiselle avec ler high heels et lay petite ankles. Elle traverse lah rue with the hand in the arm. Elle makes of ler eyes at him all ler time.
9. By blue! I march angstangtanaymahng. Bong swar. Mercy. Cet homme-lah ay the brother (le frère) who me ay to carry a lah mayzong of the—Pst! Pst! Hello! Hello! You're a nice sort of——
10. Je wait pour voo plusiyare meenites, and, by blue, voo not are alone! Oo allay voo?
11. Jay les affaires. Business are business.
Permettay-moi voo angtrodweer Madamoiselle Froufrou, une tray jolie gal, dontcherno. Mon frère, Madamoiselle Froufrou.
12. I to you raise ler chapeau, mademoiselle. How do you carry yourself?
13. Jer ner myself what you say carry, mairci. J'allay avec messieu, votre frère. Voo parlay Frahngsay tray beeang ausee, nesspah?
14. Weewee. Parrrletmahng. I say Jack, what the Dickens—
15. Eet ees what you say al rihte, messieu. I have meet eem as he come for you.
16. By blue, but yes, madamoiselle. J'arreeve to allay a lah mayzong of the grahng père. Jack, le grahng père ay-t-il at his house?
17. Non! Il marche. So I marche aussee. Madamoiselle ay tray jolie—
18. Bah! Elle wink the eyes (*Clin d'œil : Regarder quelqu'un du coin de l'œil*). Where do I carry myself cer swar? Jer mock myself of it.
19. See that cafe ang fas lah? Seat yourself sur la chair, and daymahngday un bock, brune, un bock, blanc, un bock jaune—
20. Oh, lah diable ah voo. (*Le diable t'emporte*). Bong swar. Garrrsong! Vennay eesee! Voulay-voo mer donnay one Viskay of the Scotch?
21. Wee, messieu. J'allay—
22. Garrrsong! Regarday lah mademoiselle lah? Elle had just carried herself to the chair. She qui has of the petites bottines, ay of the petite ankles, ay ler wink of the eyes. J'allay to seat myself at her table. Savvay? Congprenney?
23. Wee, messieu.
24. Bong swar, mademoiselle! It ay tray bong evening, nesspah? . . . Voulay vous avwar un autrer?
25. But no, messieu. It is late (*Il est tard*).
26. Eel vo myeu tar ker jammay (*Il vaut mieux tard que jamais*—better late than never). Garrrrsong! One vwature, veet (*Vite*—quick). . . . Mademoiselle, votre addresse, s'il voo play! . . . Cocher! A la rue de——
27. Wee messieu. Yup! Yup! Yup! Allay! Pst!

(*Here endeth the first lesson*).

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to

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J.H. & Co., 34, F.R.

THE HIGHWAYMAN OF TO-DAY.

By Stanley Portal Hyatt.

Charles Dickens was responsible for much when he invented the comfortable English country hotel. He misled so many people, myself amongst the number. Before I had any practical experience in the matter I used to believe in the rubicund host who bustled out and welcomed you, not as a customer, but as a literal guest. I believed, too, in the smiling, fat landlady behind the bar, and the rosy-cheeked chambermaid and the attentive Boots and the well-cooked meals and well-warmed rooms, and, most foolish of all, I believed in the reasonable charges. But then, in those innocent days, I had only theory to guide me. Now I have experience, and my dreams have vanished.

Lest I be suspected of writing from superficial knowledge, let me say that I motor over a thousand miles a month. Consequently, I virtually live in country hotels, and can now look back on eight solid months of this existence—in the Midlands, the South, and the West. Moreover, I am not a commercial traveller, so I go to the Coffee Room, and not to the Commercial Room where the charges are fixed.

If the Dickens country hotel ever existed, it has disappeared to-day, as has also the old type of landlord. I know many other things have vanished—the old highwaymen amongst them, but I know, too, that whilst the race of Dickens' hosts is extinct, the descendants of the old knights of the road are very numerous, and most of them now keep White Harts or Blue Boars. Barabbas, if he lived to-day, would probably own an hotel and cater for motorists. I don't want to be harsh, so I will leave out the Impenitent Thief's progeny, but I can picture them, none the less, and I think I could lay hands on one or two of them.

You drive up to the typical country hotel with the hope of being allowed to spend the night there. No one comes to the door to meet you. Entering, you find an office containing a languid young female, who says she will see if they have room. Then, after consulting a soiled folio in a perfunctory manner, she drawls out "No. 11," rings for the Boots, and loses all further interest in you. When the Boots comes, you timidly suggest that he should show you the way to your room. He replies by ringing for the chambermaid and the assistant Boots—the latter generally a grimy boy—who between them get you and your luggage deposited in your room. The Boots, meanwhile, has strolled off to purchase liquid refreshment on the strength of the tip he has earned.

You must ring for hot water, you must ring for a light, you must ring for everything you want, and nothing you want will be in your room.

After having washed and changed, you go downstairs. Everything is chilly and depressing, so you think an appetiser would be good before dinner, and you find that, because you are a stranger and a motorist, and therefore, presumably, foolish and wealthy, you are charged 50 per cent. higher than the local young blood who is served immediately after you.

Dinner—well, dinner may be alright, but it will come as a shock to you if it is so. The waiter you know. He is always the same. He has worked and slept in the same dress suit ever since he ceased to be an assistant Boots, a quarter of a century before. There are grease stains on his coat which might almost go back to Dickens' days, whilst the napkin he carries has long since lost any claim even to be called grey. He breathes heavily as he serves you, and his breath is reminiscent of a tap-room floor. You do the waiting, for he cannot. His business in life is to collect unearned tips, and, I regret to say, he is successful as a rule.

For breakfast you will get bacon and eggs. They never have anything else, although they imagine they have, for they will charge you for a table d'hôte meal in your bill.

They will not ask you if you are leaving. They will assume you are, knowing that no reasonable person possessing a car would stay two nights in their abominable hostelry. So your bill will be ready when you ask for it. Then you will experience the only semblance of courtesy with which you have met. For a few brief seconds, the hotel servants will be almost polite, from the time you begin to peruse that dread document until they have received their tips. Then they will be surly or indifferent again, for they are never satisfied. Coppers or gold leave them equally glum. They are monumental specimens of human inefficiency, and they naturally expect monumental tips.

Of course, amongst the many items in that bill will be attendance, from one shilling a day upwards; but that does not mean you need not tip. It is merely an extra levy for the landlord, in addition to his other preposterous charges, and you must give to the waiter and the waitress, the Boots and the assistant Boots, the chambermaid and the ostler, and still, as I say, you will leave surly faces behind you.

Everyone, from the landlord downwards, knows you will not come back. But you have been charged on that supposition, so it does not matter; and, probably, you are too sick at having received the same treatment elsewhere to trouble about warning your friends.

What is the remedy? As far as motorists are concerned, it lies in concerted action. Blacklist all hotels charging one tariff for the public and one for motorists, and blacklist all hotels perpetrating the attendance swindle. Go to places where there is a printed tariff, and, if you cannot find that, go to the wayside inns, which are often cosy, cheap, and generally excellent.

As matters stand now, the motorist who asks the tariff beforehand is regarded as not worth sheltering. Waiters scorn him; the Boots avoids him; the chambermaid leaves his bell unanswered. He is taught to feel his own utter worthlessness, and when he comes to pay he finds an even more weird and wonderful list of extras than usual.

Why is it that the country hotels are so bad? When were they ever good? or was the Early Victorian standard infinitely lower than our own? But even if the latter was so, the Early Victorians were a cheery people, and they could never have stood the sadness of the modern hostelry, any more than they could have stood the charges. Yet in those days foodstuffs were generally more expensive. I see no answer to the whole question, except one falls back on my highwayman's children theory, and no remedy for the whole rotten state of affairs except blacklist, blacklist, blacklist.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S MARE'S NEST.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain has got hold of a nice little story of alien boilers to supplement the rather older one of alien horseshoes. He puts it in the form of a question to Lord Tweedmouth, the usual political method of saving your face if the yarn you tell turns out to be a thumper. He wants to know whether the boilers of the "Dreadnought" were placed with a British firm who executed the order in France, and not at their English works. As a supplementary question, will the noble lord inform us whether boilers and machinery for Japanese and British warships have been made in England, and whether in his opinion British workmen can be relied on to refrain from knavish tricks to the two countries named in the making of the same? Also whether he has received any complaints from British workmen of being employed in the execution of alien naval orders, whether of whole warships or separate lumps of machinery, instead of having no work to do? "In matters of this kind," says Mr. Austen Chamberlain, "it is not safe to allow the great means of defence in this country to rest upon foreign countries." The answer is that if it is not safe for this country it is not safe for Russia, or Japan, or for any other horrible alien Government who order their war vessels and ordnance from British shipyards and thus give employment to thousands of British workmen. Nevertheless, other things being equal, the business of any British Government is to give British work to British workmen.

A Shocking Memory.

As a matter of fact, the orders for the "Dreadnought" boilers were given by the late Tory Government in June, 1905, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain was a prominent member of that Government. This shows that Mr. Austen Chamberlain has a shocking bad memory. As a matter of fact, also, the boilers were not made in France. The contractors were Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, who gave a sub-contract to Messrs. Babcock and Wilcox, London, and every inch of these boilers was made in this country. This shows that Mr. Austen Chamberlain has got hold of a mare's nest, and is badly hit with his own boomerang. In fine and in short, Mr. Austen Chamberlain's yarn about the "Dreadnought" boilers is pretty much of a sort with all the other fairy tales which come out of the district where the lovely orchids grow. The Tarifraffers have got the poor alien on the brain. It does not matter to them whether his home is Germany, France, Russia, Italy, Spain, Jerusalem, or Whitechapel, as long as they can find a stick to hit him with or a handful of mud to throw at him.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

STOPS THIS.

DOES YOUR COMB RUN AWAY WITH YOUR HAIR?

If so, "KOKO" for the HAIR is absolutely reliable as a preventative.

YOU CANNOT DYE your Hair with KOKO because it is entirely free from colouring matter
YOU CANNOT make your Hair Greasy or Sticky with it because it contains no Oil or Grease

BUT

"KOKO" MAKES THE HAIR GROW,
STOPS IT FALLING OUT,
POSITIVELY ERADICATES DANDRUFF,
AND PRODUCES THICK, LUXURIANT, BRILLIANT TRESSES.

NOTE.—It is erroneous to think that "Koko" will alter the colour of the hair. "Koko" is a Hair Food and Hair Tonic. Its mission is to allay any irritation, clear away dandruff, stop the hair falling, and make it grow rich, glossy, and wavy. If greyness appears, and the desire is to restore the grey hair to its original colour, a special preparation is prepared by us, to be used as an adjunct with "Koko." Full particulars will be found relating to this at foot of page.

We wish to state that, no matter what may be the colour of your hair "Koko" can be used with absolute safety. For instance, a lady may prize the particular shade possessed by her hair, but feel chary of using a needful hair tonic for fear of altering that shade. To all such we emphatically state here that "Koko" will supply the tonic properties without changing the shade in the least.

A Military Knight of Windsor writes:—

WINDSOR CASTLE.—Kindly forward me another bottle of "Koko." I can conscientiously state that "Koko" has quite performed all you say. I have found it most efficacious. My hair came out more than I liked. Since using it scarcely any remains in my brushes. I have strongly recommended it to my friends, and certainly I shall never use any other than "Koko."—COLONEL G. J. IVEY.

A Rear-Admiral writes:—

GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, H.M. PRISON, BIRMINGHAM.—Gentlemen—I am very much pleased with "Koko." It is a most excellent preparation. My daughters wish to try it. Please send me two more bottles. Make any use you like of this. Cheque enclosed.—Faithfully yours, A. TINKLAR, Rear-Admiral.

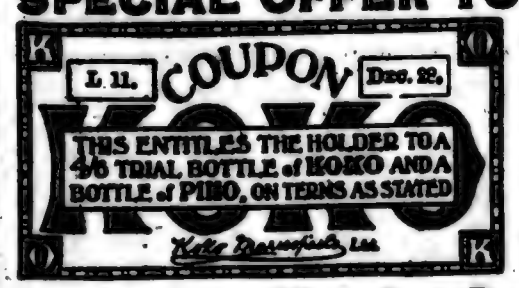
ROYALTY USE ONLY THE BEST.

Berlin
Alsenstrasse
Feb 25th 1906

"Koko" for the hair, is the best dressing I know. It keeps the head cool, promotes growth, and is in every way excellent.

Princess Hohenlohe
Oehringen

SPECIAL OFFER TO INTRODUCE OUR PINO HAIR COLOUR.


L 11.
COUPON
Dec. 22.
KOKO
THIS ENTITLES THE HOLDER TO A 4/6 TRIAL BOTTLE of KOKO AND A BOTTLE of PINO, ON TERMS AS STATED
Koko Manufacturing Co.

Any one cutting out this Coupon, and sending, together with 2s., and 4d. for postage, will receive by return, under plain cover, carriage paid, one 4s. 6d. TRIAL BOTTLE of KOKO for the HAIR, and one bottle of PINO HAIR COLOUR, 1s. size.

The following letter has been sent to us; it can be seen at our office:—
"On my own hair the effect of Pino has certainly been remarkable. My hair had long been white about the ears, but a fortnight's use of Pino has restored it practically to its original colour, in fact, to an improvement thereon. M.A., Oxon."

PINO restores grey hair to its original colour in such a manner that its action is unnoticeable even by those in every day touch with the user.

PINO and KOKO form a delightful hair tonic and colour combined. PINO does not give that DYED look to the hair, and will not stain the scalp or hands.

KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., Ltd., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON.

West End Depot—22-24, GREAT PORTLAND STREET.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES ALL OVER THE WORLD.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Santa Claus, Esq., Philanthropist and Toy Merchant, London.

My Dear Old Santa,—Since I had the pleasure of dropping you a few lines last year there has come into force an Act of Parliament for the prohibition of Corrupt Practices, or, as a great many people will have it, an Act for the prohibition of Christmas boxes and other items of this joyful season.

What your views are on that portentous enactment I do not know. Everybody seems to have published his opinion about it except you, and mostly in the sense that the more tightly a man buttons up his pockets this Christmas the better chance he will have of keeping out of gaol. This convinces me that thousands of people are going to be on the safe side. They are going to corrupt nobody, not even with a penny drum or a ha'penny orange. The crowds who will have to buy their own turkeys, cigars, and fine old Stiltons, or do without them, will amaze you when you start to count. You, of course, will not be frightened. As you know, the judges often go blind in one eye, and this Christmas I daresay they will be human enough to go blind in both.

Anyhow, before they can convict you they will have to catch you. Not only are you one of those dear old patriarchs who do good by stealth and blush to find it fame, but I never knew anybody so nimble. If you can't get through a keyhole you can squeeze under the door, and if you can't get under the door you climb the spout, walk along the tiles, and drop down the chimney. A burglar with as much talent for creeping into houses and taking things out as you have for creeping into them and taking things in, would make a bigger fortune than you have squandered. Christmas comes but once a year. It may be that, if it came twice, you would regret it.

Where do you get all the money from for your philanthropies? A six-year-old friend of mine once said that you must be either Rockefeller or Carnegie in disguise. I told him that I had grave reasons for doubting the accuracy of his sources of private information. I added that if you were Carnegie my little friend would wake up on Christmas morning with a borrowing ticket for a free library in his stocking, and when he went to get the book he wanted, it wouldn't be there, while if you were Rockefeller probably all he would get would be half a pint of rock oil. He acknowledged the cogency of the argument, and said he now felt sure you couldn't be either of them. Perhaps you owned a private Mint. "Take a small piece of cake," I said; "you have guessed it."

The only thing I have against you, dear old boy, is that when you go your rounds on Christmas Eve you are apt to lose your memory for places. Too often you find out all the wrong streets and get into all the wrong houses. I can only suppose you never learned much geography at your school, or that you have forgotten all you learned. You don't want to be in Belgravia and Mayfair. You want to take the first turning to the right and go straight on. Then you'll come to Poorlands. Suffering Row and Tragedy Corner, Tear Street and Want Buildings, Blind Alley and Cripple Gate are all there; you can't miss them. Perhaps you would like me to come with you? You can buy the things, and load the pantechnicon, and sort out the lots inside, and I'll take a seat along with the driver. You forgot thousands in Poorlands last Christmas Eve. But perhaps it wasn't that. Perhaps you merely ran out of goods, and gold, and things.

Believe me, they want you in Poorlands most of all. You see, it is in Poorlands where they know what it is to struggle, and suffer, and starve; where they hope against hope for the brighter days which never, never come, and where the pitiless mill of life grinds through the unlifting night human souls as well as human bodies. Here the men and women have need of you—desperate need—but the little children long for you to come their way also. They are all talking about you and disputing about you. I have heard them say, many of them, that Santa Claus is "all ike"—that "there ain't no sich a person." Last Christmas Eve and on all the Christmas Eves since they can remember anything at all, they have hung up their stockings only to awaken in the morning and find them empty.

Don't forget where they live this time, will you? They haven't quite lost hope. They are still expecting you—and on Christmas morning they'll wake up with big, anxious eyes, just as they have always done, and they'll peep into their stockings—those of them that have any—hoping to find you real at last. When they are tucked away in beds—such of them as have beds—and sleep has visioned you to them in wondrous dreams, softly creep up to them weighted with the burden of good gifts, so that when they awaken they will run out and tell everybody that you are an even nicer old gentleman than you look on the cracker boxes. See what you can do, old chap.

JOHN BULL.

P.S. *Don't* forget the poor kiddies.
P.S.S. Ditto.

To Kaid Maclean, Raisuli Camp, Morocco.

At this festive season of the year, you are much in my thoughts, my dear Kaid. I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, a pocket full o' bawbees, and a cellar full of beer. On second thoughts, I'm sorry I mentioned the bawbees, and the cellar, and the beer. Alas and alack, these things are not for you. However, as Raisuli has cooked your goose, perhaps he will have the kindness to run over to the Giddy Goat and get you a bottle of whisky. He can include the four-and-twopence in re-amending his last re-amendment of his previous re-amended bill for ransom, and good luck to him anyhow, if he draws the money.

I would send you some pudding myself, only I am afraid Raisuli would steal it; but wire me if you feel equal to a leg of pork, or a little sucker. This is probably the only Christmas fare likely to reach you; not being a Christian, but an infidel, Raisuli does not eat the fruit of the pig. Probably by next Christmas, or the Christmas after, you will be back in Tangier, commanding the magnificent box of soldiers in the service of your august master, the Imperial Muley; but I do not want to disguise from you that it all depends on the price.

It was at one time anticipated that the Scots would open a subscription for your release. Apparently, however, they would rather refrain from wasting the siller. Raisuli wants £20,000 and a few other trifles, and I put it to you candidly, having regard to that reverence for economy which has always distinguished Scotsmen, whether you really think you are worth it. Present Raisuli with my compliments, and say I wish he were comfortably hanged. I trust you are in good health, as it leaves me at present.

JOHN BULL.

To Marshall Hall, Esq., K.C.

My Dear Marshall Hall,—Hearty congratulations on your defence in the Camden Town murder case. From first to last it was characterised by brains and brilliance—as able a bit of legal work as has ever been done at the Old Bailey. You have a way of "jining your flats," which fills me with admiration—so much so that if ever I am about to be hanged by the police on suspicion, you can rely upon my instructing Newton to send you the brief. The police may put a rope round a man's neck, but it will have to be pretty tough fibre if you can't cut it. You have an instinctive sympathy for the under dog, and when you interpose in the fight your characteristic is not only to hit out hard, but to hold on tight. In a word, you fight for your client as keenly as you would fight for yourself. Indeed, you often go for the judge if you think he is taking the side which isn't yours. This is indicative of a high spirit and a fine courage. But don't do it, all the same. It is a bad habit. Remember that the definition of a judge is—the man who has the last word. You see, that going for his lordship is apt roughly to stir the judicial liver, and probably to excite the normal ferment of the judicial bile. Take my advice, and keep to the soft word that turneth away wrath. If you must talk at a judge, talk at him in the accents of one whom he has invited to take wine with him. Then you will be more often heard in the Courts than you are at present. For, as an advocate, you are hard to beat. When I like a man I always praise his qualities first, and warn him of his defects afterwards, and that is why I find myself sort of whispering in your private ear. I want to see you in your proper position at the Bar. A select few have had it to themselves long enough. Young F. E. Smith is rapidly coming along, but you have a good start, and this Wood case should be a reminder to the public and the profession that Rufus is not the only pebble on the beach.

JOHN BULL.

What is Your Number?

CHANGE IN OUR SCHEME.

FIFTY NUMBERS DRAWN WEEKLY.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 605.

JOHN BULL to SANTA CLAUS: "Won't you come *this* way?"

IN THE CITY.

THE ALLSOPP CRISIS.

We have received the following letter from Mr. W. J. Byrne, who made the principal speech on behalf of the shareholders at the recent general meeting of this company, and he is not only a large shareholder in this unhappy concern, but also a debenture holder.

Mr. Byrne tells us that he rose to put some of the questions to the chairman recently addressed by John Bull to the board, but that Mr. Remnant declined to give any answer. Indeed, this gentleman seems to have relied upon what may be called masterly silence. There was a member of the board to be elected. A name was proposed by the chairman, and a shareholder ventured to ask what the qualifications of this particular gentleman were to sit upon the board of a brewery company. No question could be more proper, but the shareholder was actually told by the chairman that the qualifications of the candidate were no business of his.

Mr. Byrne himself wished to have information respecting the sale of the Kursaal at Southend, which has been such a disastrous venture for the company. It has, in fact, been sold, in a way, for £20,000 on a sort of hire agreement; that is to say, no money has been paid down, and the £20,000 is to be paid in instalments, assuming the purchaser makes the business a profitable one. Mr. Byrne asked whether it was not a fact that a Sheffield firm offered the same price of £20,000 cash down, and if so, he wanted to know why the offer was refused. Mr. Remnant's reply to this very proper question was that since "he" (Mr. Byrne) knew so much about the transaction, there was no necessity for him (the chairman) to say anything more about it. Well might shareholders who heard the answer cry "Shame!"

Mr. Byrne further directs our attention to the insufficient time given to shareholders between the issue of the report and the holding of the general meeting. Mr. Byrne himself wished, in conjunction with other shareholders, to canvass shareholders generally for their proxies, but he found it impossible to do so effectively in the time at his disposal. The report was issued on December 3rd. Mr. Byrne desired to consult one or two other large shareholders as to the advisability of canvassing the general body of shareholders. This took a day. Having got their promise of co-operation, he went to Somerset House for a copy of the names and addresses of the 8,000 shareholders, and they told him there they could not give it to him in less than five days. Two days were necessary to communicate with shareholders and to get their answers, assuming—as could not, of course, be safely assumed in all cases—that they replied by return of post, and the Articles require that proxies shall be lodged two days before the meeting. Now there were only ten days between the issue of the report and the holding of the general meeting, so that it was impossible to make any effective general canvass of shareholders unable to be present at the meeting.

These are illustrations of the way in which the present chairman conducts the business of the company—a hectoring, arbitrary, inconsiderate method of procedure, not to be defended on any ground of equity or expediency.

Mr. Byrne's letter is as below:—

> At the meeting, the second question (in my speech) to the chairman, Mr. Remnant, was "that I asked the question in no hostile manner, but certain statements and strictures had been made by a paper named John Bull in regard to the board, especially referring to Mr. Hutton, the brewer, and Mr. Sinclair, the managing director, and that I hoped notice would be taken of?"
>
> Mr. Remnant's reply was a sneer, and no reply was made in his answers to speeches and questions. The whole meeting was conducted in an unusual way, and every inquiry I made, and every question asked in the room, Mr. Remnant treated in the same cavalier manner.
>
> I have interests in a great number of undertakings, and attend many meetings; but this is the first time I have failed to find a gentleman in the chair.
>
> Mr. Remnant is under the impression that to be a strong chairman you have to be unfair, uncourteous, and a dictatorial one. It should be "the iron hand under the velvet glove."
>
> The chairman's promises at the meeting were many, from upsetting the Government on the Licensing Bill to success for Allsopps; but us poor shareholders have been living on "rounding the corner," promised at each general annual meeting, for years, and each year in succession the deficit over fixed charges has increased by leaps and bounds, this year showing a loss of £73,000 by the balance-sheet, but with loss on old debts, and £147,000 on re-sales of public house or hotel properties, *one quarter of a million sterling* over fixed charges.
>
> Then Mr. Yeoman, a well-known maltster at Burton, and a member of the Majority Advisory Committee of Allsopps, who attended purposely from Burton-on-Trent, was not permitted to speak, for fear he might be in opposition.
>
> The Allsopp chairman's record as a director, in other investments—mines and the rest—is not encouraging, and I fear that after his attempt to gag free expression of opinion, he "will be hoist with his own petard" should the "rounding the corner" process not be materialised.

A HINT FOR MR. ROCKEFELLER.

We have received the following communication from a well-informed correspondent. We commend his statement to Mr. Asquith's consideration:—

In one of your recent numbers you had an article relative to an application made by J. D. Rockefeller to Count Tolstoi as to the best means of ultimately disposing of his immense fortune. I will endeavour to show how a goodly portion of this could be handed over to the British Government by the way of income-tax. J. D. Rockefeller is the recognised head of the Standard Oil Company, whose head office is 26, Broadway, New York, and so as to simplify matters this communication will deal with the latter company as a body.

In England they are represented by the following:—

Anglo-American Oil Company, Ltd., Billiter Street, E.C.
Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.
Galena-Signal Oil Company, Franklin, Pa., U.S.A.
Swan and Finch Company, 26, Broadway, New York City.

The names of the two latter companies do not appear in the London Directory, nor does any business plate denote their whereabouts, but all the same they will be found housed in the building occupied by the Vacuum Oil Company, Norfolk Street, Strand. The Galena-Signal Oil Company is the Railway Department of the Standard Oil Company, and the Swan and Finch Company is the Marine Department. The Vacuum Oil Company, Limited, has often been attacked by London journals as being simply the nominee of the Standard Oil Company: the fact has never been denied, nor has any libel action ever been brought. Now, as to the manner in which our Government is defrauded of income-tax. The above four companies have to send to the Standard Oil Company a record of sales made, and the amounts realised are remitted to 26, Broadway. No doubt a record is kept of the profits made, and this statement is subject to the usual inspection by income-tax authorities, but the fact must not be overlooked that a big profit is made on the oils before they are handed over to the above four companies for distribution. If the Standard Oil Company had an office of their own in London they would have to show the actual profit made, based on the cost of production and price charged to the consumer, whereas the companies above mentioned simply show the profit on the price charged to them by the Standard Oil Company and the price they as agents obtain from the consumer. J. D. Rockefeller's fortune is amassed between the price of cost of production and price charged to distributing agents; if the latter kept the profit they themselves made in England, the return made to income-tax authorities would be correct, but when the second profit goes back to 26, Broadway, then the return should be based on the original cost of production. This point has been settled by the House of Lords in the case of De Beers Consolidated Mines, Kimberley (South Africa). The latter pleaded in the lower courts that they made no profit in England: they only used London as a distributing centre, and all their profit was made in Kimberley. However, the highest court in the land decided that as they made London the means of obtaining that profit they must pay income-tax on their profits made in Kimberley, and that year alone meant an addition to our revenue of £150,000. The Standard Oil Company use

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.—Striking Success. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. The CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LTD., Stock and Share Dealers, QUEEN ANNE'S CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W. Telephone Nos.: 367 Westminster and 7765 Gerrard. Tele. Ad.: "Stockwork," London.—Advt.

London as a distributing centre, and should therefore pay on the profits made in New York, and what a sum to the income-tax people that would represent!

The case of the Swan and Finch Company is a most glaring one. Through the Vacuum Oil Company, Limited, they do an enormous business with our best steamship companies in the United Kingdom. Go to any seaport town, and you will find lying on the quays barrels of oil branded:

SWAN AND FINCH

ATLAS ENGINE OIL,
MANUFACTURED BY
VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LIMITED.

The oil is manufactured at Millwall (London) and Birkenhead (Cheshire), and the profit on these sales goes back to 26 Broadway. Yet the curious part of the whole thing is that the Swan and Finch Company's name does not appear in the London Directory, nor does any business plate denote their whereabouts? How do they make a return of the profits earned in England to our income-tax authorities?

In your paper I have seen now and again the expression: "When Parliament meets we must see to this."

Surely, if ever there was a case for a Royal Commission of Enquiry this is one, as the amount involved is a large one, dating back as it does to at least 20 years.

The Vacuum Oil Company, Limited, to which . have referred, does not advertise its connection with the Standard Oil Trust.

On January 11th, 1905, out of its 55,000 issued share capital, 54,993 shares were held by the Vacuum Oil Company, of Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A., a company entirely under the Standard control.

Again, out of the five directors of the Vacuum Oil Company, Limited, of London, three familiar names strike the eye:—

John Dustin Archbold, 26, Broadway, New York.
Charles Marvin Everest, merchant, of Rochester, N.Y.
Charles Millard Pratt, of 26, Broadway.

Mr. John D. Archbold is one of the leading men of the Oil Trust, and he and Mr. C. M. Everest were defendants in the famous Buffalo case, charged with criminal conspiracy. The acts alleged were that they had enticed a workman away from a rival refinery, and that they had paid him to cause an explosion in it. There was no direct evidence against Mr. Archbold, and the judge withdrew his case from the jury, but Mr. C. M. Everest and his father were found guilty.

The case created an enormous sensation, the leading counsel in America appeared, and tremendous pressure was brought to bear on the judge in favour of a light sentence.

The English middlemen in the lubricating trade will find that a company, of which Mr. Everest and Mr. Archbold are directors, will not leave any stone unturned to secure control of their business.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

In our issue of December 14th, and in answer to a correspondent, we directed attention to condition No. 6 of the conditions to which an applicant has to agree upon becoming a member of the Association, and we described it as highly objectionable and dangerous, inasmuch as it involved unlimited liability. We have now received the following letter from Mr. E. S. R. Smith, the general secretary of the Association:—

> I have had my attention called to your remarks *re* the above Association, in your answers to correspondents in your current issue of JOHN BULL, in which you specially refer to Clause 6 in our proposal forms, stating, "We find among the conditions to which the applicant has to agree one entirely objectionable, because it is a dangerous one," and that you cannot recommend people reading it to join same on account of the risk involved by the before-mentioned clause. I therefore, knowing your sense of justice, beg to point out that your statement is based upon misconception, as it is entirely against our interest to make any levy whatever, the same being only made in the event of an epidemic or catastrophe seriously affecting the members of the Association. I have gone most fully and exhaustively into this subject, and am of opinion that the average levy will not exceed 1s. a year, and the very outside estimate would not be more than 2s. which I am sure you must admit is not a very large liability.
>
> In conclusion I may add that we first appealed to the general public in August last, and up to the time of writing it has not been found necessary to call a levy.
>
> You will favour me by printing this letter in your next issue, as otherwise a wrong interpretation may be put upon your remarks.

We print Mr. Smith's letter, but it does not seem to us to meet our objection. An experience of four months is hardly sufficient to form a competent opinion upon what may or may not be the ultimate liability of members of the Association under the clause we have criticised.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE LONDON STANDARD MOTOR OMNIBUS COMPANY, LIMITED.—G. O. F. (Walthamstow).—There can be little doubt that the directors would find it difficult to justify their action in going to allotment on a cash subscription of £35,774, of which £6,500 had to be paid to the promoters. In the prospectus it was stated that "the present issue is made with the object of enabling the Company to acquire 200 motor omnibuses, and to provide for the necessary garages, working capital for the general purposes of the Company." It was assumed that a subscription of £200,000 was necessary, and it follows that with little more than one-eighth of this subscribed, the Company was foredoomed to failure. On this ground it would seem that the shareholders have good cause of action against the directors for the return of moneys paid for shares, but whether you would be wise in accepting the invitation of Messrs. Jarvis and Co. to subscribe 1s. per share for the purpose of an appeal to the Courts is another matter. We do not advise you to send any money to Messrs. Jarvis and Co.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—E. J. H. (Sutton Coldfield).—The answer to your question is in the negative.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—"TORRE" (Kilburn).—We had satisfactory references from the two firms mentioned, but cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising dealings.

MONEY LENDING.—"TWEKS" (Tewkesbury).—We expect you will find that the moneylender deducts from the loan the amount of his interest, thus getting a high percentage. LOAN ON REVERSION.—You should approach one of the leading insurance companies.

IDEAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—C. R. D. (Burdett Road).—We should prefer another for your purpose. We thank you for and reciprocate your Xmas good wishes.

INSURANCE OFFICE ADDRESSES.—E. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—All the offices you name are well-known offices, whose addresses are to be found in the ordinary works of reference. Why not refer to one of them?

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—E. B. (Newport).—We cannot advise you and your brother workmen to take advantage of this company's offer, seeing that some of the conditions are open to serious objection. J. K. (Peckham).—You are quite right, having regard to our criticisms, to tell us that the company treated you very well when you were on the sick list, if that was the case.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—C. E. S. (Acton).—We are afraid you cannot do better than accept the surrender value offered by the Association, which, having regard to the fact that the Bond has been paid upon for twenty years, should be considerable. YASMAR (Glasgow).—It is very difficult to dispose of these Bonds. As you know, the Association pays a surrender value, which roughly amounts to one-third of the sum paid in, and your friend would have a good deal of difficulty in getting more.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—X. (Brighton).—There is no market value in the sense of market quotation. The only way in which you could dispose of the Bond would be by private negotiation.

MAXIMS.—SUSSEX (Shoreham).—We should not sell the shares under par. We may, of course, be wrong, but we should be surprised if they do not pay the promised dividend.

AMALGAMATED PRESS.—S. H. W. (Manchester).—The Preference shares of this company are 5 per cent. cumulative.

BLACKPOOL TOWER.—T. B. G. (Leeds).—You should get them in the ordinary way through a stockbroker.

VARIOUS SHARES.—IXION (Stratford).—We cannot advise you to buy any one of the four shares you name. They are none of them good.

IDRIS AND COMPANY, LIMITED.—FOOTER (Leyton).—We do not think these shares suitable for your requirements, but it is a prosperous company.

A READER (Norwood).—We think not.

FINANCIAL PARTNERS.—MAJOR (Bromley).—Have nothing to do with it.

ADVANCE UPON LAND.—J. D. (Rainham).—You would have great difficulty in getting such a large proportion advanced. The general rule of Building Societies is to advance upon approved properties three-fourths of the purchase money, and in some cases they would go as far as seven-eighths, but you want even more than seven-eighths.

LIPTON'S.—SHAREHOLDER (Glasgow).—We are glad you bought on our recommendation. They are still good to buy.

THE PLASMON BREAD COMPANY.—A. J. E. (Crouch End).—(1) You should ask the secretary. (2) We do not advise you to accept the invitation to which you refer.

UNITED KINGDOM COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' BENEFIT SOCIETY.—W. A. (Edinburgh).—It is a very respectable and prosperous Society.

RHODESIAN GOLD FIELDS, LIMITED.—E. O. (West Kensington).—Very little.

TWO SHARES.—CROFTON (Camberwell).—We should hold both for the present, but sell upon any favourable opportunity.

DIAMOND SHARES.—W. O. J. (Ipswich).—There is not much chance of early improvement.

PREMIUM BONDS.—J. A. B. (Handsworth).—The City of Antwerp Bonds (1887) bear interest at the rate of 2½ per cent., and can be got at the moment for £4 4s. 6d. There is not much variation in the price. The City of Brussels Bonds (1902), also bearing 2½ per cent. interest, can be got for about £4 7s. 6d.

BANK OF ENGLAND.—W. T. (Putney).—We do not understand your question. Do you want to open an account with the Bank of England?

LAW GUARANTEE, TRUST AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—We should be obliged if "Ex-Shareholder" would send us his name and address in confidence.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum
" 3 " " " 6 " " "
" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

JUDGE WILLIS AND THE HIGH BAILIFF.

Judge Willis has unusual views as to the extent of his powers and how he may interpret Acts of Parliament. A correspondent complains that he puts improper obstructions in the way of executing committal orders. Here is our correspondent's story:—

> I recently obtained a judgment for a small fee against a man who is perfectly able to pay, but who has stated his intention of making me wait as long as possible. A committal order for 10 days has been made, and the warrant sent to Southwark Court for execution, the debtor being manager to a firm in the district over which that Court has jurisdiction. The High Bailiff there informs me that Judge Willis has made a rule forbidding him to execute warrants at a debtor's place of employment. I see nothing in the County Court Acts to justify His Honour's rule, which is contrary to the practice in other Courts. Seeing that a man is usually away at his business during the hours that the Bailiff is on duty, I do not see how it is possible for a warrant to be executed under such circumstances. His Honour's idea appears to be that a man may lose his employment if a warrant is executed at his place of business, but he runs that risk in any case if he is imprisoned, and further, an order is not granted until it is proved that he has means and will not pay.

A SWEEPING INJUNCTION.

Recently an injunction was granted upon the strength of the following clause in an agreement, to which a commercial traveller directs our attention; and he points out that, seeing that every local draper catered for this particular department long before the plaintiff's firm came into existence, and that the principal firms in every large town in England also sent out special travelers to solicit orders for this particular business, the defendant is absolutely barred by the Court's interpretation of the agreement from entering the employment of any firm supplying the same class of clients in any position whatever.

> The traveller shall not, after quitting or being discharged from the service of the employer, directly or indirectly, either on his own account, engage in or enter the employment of, or in any way serve any firm engaged in any business similar to that carried on by the employer, as dressmakers' warehousemen, and further, shall not at any time, directly or indirectly, engage as partner, traveller, assistant, servant, agent or otherwise, with or for any person or persons who have been at any time in the service of the plaintiff, nor at any time, directly or indirectly, solicit orders from or serve with goods, any customers whose name or names may be on the employer's book at the time of his leaving the employer's service.

SETTING ASIDE A VERDICT.

With reference to our comments upon "A Hard Case," in our issue of December 14, a correspondent writes:—

> With respect, you are wrong in saying that a County Court Judge has no power to set aside a verdict and enter judgment the other way. He has such a power, and so has a High Court Judge. I myself had a case in which a County Court Judge entered judgment for the defendant after a verdict for the plaintiff, and the High Court held he was right in doing so.
>
> I am not, of course, suggesting that the Court of Appeal was not right in restoring the verdict, but they may have considered that there was evidence of negligence on which the jury could properly find for the plaintiff, nor do I suggest that justice has not at last been done.

No doubt our correspondent is right as to the power of a County Court Judge to set aside a verdict and enter judgment the other way, but the Judge upon whose action we commented did a good deal more than this. He told the jury, before the case went to them, that whatever their verdict, he intended to decide in favour of the defendant. That was not a proper thing to do.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

We print below a letter from a London firm which speaks for itself. Do our correspondents really believe, as the last paragraph of their letter would imply, that debtors welcome imprisonment? For the rest, we have never suggested that a committal order is usually followed by actual imprisonment. Some pay in dread of prison upon the order being made; others, again, when they have only been a day or two in prison. It all depends on whether a man can raise, by hook or by crook, the money required to satisfy the creditor, and whether he is willing to sacrifice everything in order to do so. As to the statistics which our correspondent suggests should be collected, he will find them all in a most elaborate form in a Blue Book issued annually, which gives the fullest particulars relating to committal orders and imprisonment for debt, and not only so, but gives these particulars as relating to each County Court district, so that the practice of one Court may be contrasted with that of another, the difference in practice being great and instructive.

> Dear Sir,—I am afraid you have formed a too hasty conclusion with reference to the above subject.
>
> I think I am within the mark in stating that in the course of the 15 years I have used the Courts as a means of collecting I must have issued between 4,000 and 5,000 commitment warrants. Of all this number I couldn't find trace of a dozen having "done time." I know of a decent number of plaintiffs who made a practice of releasing a debtor on proof of inability to pay.
>
> I sincerely trust that when reform does come it will take the shape of vesting the power of release in the hands of the County Court Judge following production of proof of inability to pay.
>
> The statistics required are not of the number who are arrested, but of those who go to prison "and stay." Fifty per cent. would be a liberal estimate.
>
> It was only the other day a debtor called to blackguard me for setting him free, assuring me that he hadn't been so comfortable and contented for many a day as he was inside.
>
> T. W. Bennett.

The following letter from another correspondent defends the present practice:—

> Your articles on the abolition of imprisonment for debt have been of especial interest to me. I am in charge of the accounts department of a manufacturing firm in the building line, and can assure you that there are numbers of small men in particular who will not pay unless extreme measures are taken. The law *re* debt, as it stands now, is very hard indeed on the *honest* man, but it gives the rogue who wishes to evade payment every possible assistance. Provided a rogue can get credit, if he knows the "ropes," he can live like a fighting cock on credit, and need not pay a single creditor. I had an example of this sort of man a few weeks ago. He is a land agent with an office in Chancery Lane, E.C., and with the full control of several large blocks of flats in the Kilburn neighbourhood. He secured about £10 of goods from my firm for repairs to the aforesaid flats. No notice was taken of the usual applications for payment, and eventually a summons was served upon him by strategy at one of the flats (his City office always being closed and apparently only used for the receipt of letters). He gives notice of defence to the summons (although he has no defence), and we, of course, have to pay the Hearing Fee, &c. He does not appear, and we get judgment. But what use is a judgment against a rogue? This particular man has *dozens* of judgments against him, and will no doubt have dozens more if he can get further credit. How can we make this man pay? Prove he is able to pay, I suppose you will say. This is easier said than done, especially when no two judges agree as to what is proof of means. Amend the law by all means, but make it more stringent. After all, what right has anyone to endeavour to evade payment? It is only thieving under another name. The ideal system would, of course, be "no credit," but "Jim Crow" will not live to see that day.

Abolish imprisonment for debt, in fact, as in name, and tradesmen will be much more careful of giving credit to any but responsible and honest people.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Taxation of Costs ("Nimrod," Quorn).—You need not employ a solicitor for the taxation. You should apply to the District Registrar of the Court, and he will either tax or tell you whom to go to.

Delivery Up of Possession (H. W. W., Teddington).—The mere accidental retention of the key will not make a man liable for rent, but if he did not deliver up possession and get the landlord to accept the house he will be liable for double rent for the period during which he held over. His act may have the effect of continuing his tenancy so as to compel him to give fresh notice to rid himself of it.

Re-entry on Compounding with Creditors (J. T. G., Hull).—The situation seems to be very complicated, and we do not see that you can do anything to recover the farm, as you were lawfully ejected. You should submit the facts to a solicitor before you begin any action.

Selling from Samples (M. M., Wimbledon).—If the lady was selling from samples she would not require any licence.

Consent to Assignment of Lease ("Scar-rock").—The landlord is not entitled to impose a new condition which was not in the original lease, and he must either assent or refuse. If he refuses merely on the ground stated, the courts would compel him to assent.

Open-Air Meeting (W. G. O., Tufnell Park).—There is no remedy unless you can get the police to act. You might give out that if they do not go away you will force them to go, and that would enable the police to move them off, on the ground of an anticipated breach of the peace.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Royal Gifts.

Our Royal Family takes Christmas present-giving very seriously. Most of the Princesses visit in person various establishments in Bond Street and Regent Street, and I am told they show a decided preference for goods that are marked in plain figures. After all, there must be a certain satisfaction to a Princess in knowing that she is being treated in this respect precisely on a par with an "ordinary" person. The King and Queen themselves never now visit the shops personally. Their method of selecting Christmas gifts is this:—Orders are sent to favoured tradesmen, who thereupon send a large stock of goods to the Palace on the desired date. The assistant from each firm sets out his show to the best advantage on a separate table and then quits the apartment. Then her Majesty, accompanied by her daughter, and attended by her private secretary, and her favourite lady-in-waiting, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, makes her round, carefully choosing a gift not only for the members of the family and her personal friends, but for her household as well.

Millinery for Every-day Wear.

The most popular ornamentation at the present moment for hats of the useful description is quills of one species or another. The ordinary stiff quill is used on little fur toques, and to give a touch of smartness to a Tam-o'-Shanter turned up at one side—the loved of the schoolgirl's heart. The newest variety of quill, however, is fluffy and drooping, almost a species of feather. It is so ornamental that it almost suffices for the trimming of a simple morning *chapeau*. One pretty model consisted of a shape of pale blue felt, turned up in the front. Across this upturned brim lay a folded band of sapphire blue velvet, finished at the top by an ornamental buckle, which held in place a grey plume with feathery ends which hung gracefully over the left side. The sole remaining trimming was a sapphire blue bow towards one side of the back. Another pretty example was a small purple mushroom felt, the crown encircled by a wee ruching of purple velvet ribbon, while a cluster of loose heliotrope quills hung negligently over the left ear.

The Charm of the Underskirt.

What truly gorgeous petticoats are being worn at Christmas dances, to be sure. Quite often the underskirt is even more elaborate and charming than the dress that covers it. Of course, it is a very important item for a dancing costume, and frequently shows more than a little in the course of the evening's gyrations. Light colours are almost invariably chosen, at all events by young people, and white spotted net mounted upon a silk foundation is in high favour at present. One charming model made of this material was mounted upon pale blue silk. The net was accordion-pleated into a deep frill round the edge, and further ornamented by lace flowers being inserted at intervals all the way round the hem. These flowers were outlined by the narrowest of pale blue chiffon ruchings. Yet another petticoat of the same fragile material was actually worked over round the hem in a dainty design of silver sequins, so carefully put on that after an evening's hard dancing the fair wearer had not shed one of her gleaming paillettes. Another model, built of pale pink brocade, was trimmed from the knees downwards by a lattice-work of ribbon-velvet of a deeper shade of rose. Wherever the bands of ribbon crossed one another they were held in place by a tiny frilled rosette of white lace.

The New Fur Cap.

Fur caps and hats may be almost any shape this year, but quite the most charming is the Russian peasant cap, to be composed of skunk, fox, or the more expensive sable-skins. If is quite round, very high, and worn well down upon a somewhat severely dressed head of hair, a bunch of feathers may be pinned on one side of the cap, or, prettier still, a head or two of the animal might here be worn.

For Ladies who can Cook.

Many amateur cooks are, not without good reason, remarkably proud of their culinary prowess, and this laudable sentiment can be turned to account in "Charity's Sweet Cause," by a "Cake Fair." Such an undertaking is best organised in a village or in connection with some particular church, as then there is no difficulty in getting contributors. There should be small prizes offered for various types of cake, but honour and glory must be the chief inducement. There should be one stall for small cakes, none to be larger than a penny sponge-cake; other stalls for pound cakes, plain; for pound cakes, ornamental; for madeira cakes; for the most original cake; for cakes decorated with nuts; for those made beautiful by sugar-icing; for the prettiest shaped cake, and so on. At the end of the afternoon, when the goods have been sufficiently admired, they are sold by auction—the small ones in pounds or half-pounds, the big ones in sections, those that are medium-sized in their entirety. Large ones may be cut earlier and sold in slices with a cup of tea at fixed prices. The gourmand can have a delightful time—oh, it's a fine thing to go to, is a Cake Fair! Many amateur cooks make a special feature of their sweetmeats, so that a stall might be arranged for home-made toffee, and yet another for sweeties of varied descriptions. In Scotland such Fairs always show stalls of home-baked bread, but alas! in England such a stall would be but scantily furnished.

The New Future of Japanese Women.

Already there has come to pass, to a certain extent, one of the inevitable results of the wholesale slaughter of men in the Russian-Japanese war. The need has arisen for numbers of Japanese women to come out of their homes and work for their livelihoods in the labour market. Fortunately for the poor little Japanese women, their new responsibilities have not to be undertaken in the face of legal oppression of any description. A very few years ago the laws affecting women underwent a wholesale revision, much to the benefit of little Madame Chrysanthemum. The new Code contains all that is most desirable for feminine well-being in the three countries in the world that are most advanced on such matters—America, England, and France. Each one of these nations, in one way or another, stands ahead of other countries where the legal status of women is concerned. France has a more equal divorce law, but fails to protect the property of married women. America closes no profession by law to the female sex, and in most States protects the property of wives and grants equal divorce. The new Japanese Code follows all these points, while for unmarried women the laws are to be precisely the same as for men. We are told, moreover, that in that country there is practically no "weaker sex." Jiu-Jitsu is taught to the girls as well as to the boys, with the result that a Japanese woman is practically the physical equal of a man her own size and weight. We British women, feeling a sisterly regard for other women all the world over, must rejoice to learn of the excellent bodily and legal conditions under which the Japanese women are to face the new and serious responsibilities of wage-earning.

Hints on Cake-Making.

One very important point to be remembered for making cakes light is that they must be mixed stiffly. Both sugar and shortening when melted help to moisten the cake and render it heavy. Small cakes must be put straight away into a brisk oven to make them rise, but do not then increase the heat or the outsides will be scorched, while the interiors remain doughy. Large cakes require a moderately heated oven throughout. The old way of testing when the cake is sufficiently cooked remains unrivalled. Insert a skewer, and if it comes out quite clean the cooking is done. When taken from the oven the cake should be turned out of the baking-tin and stood on its side, leaning against something till cold. This is done to prevent it becoming at all heavy—a consummation that must be in the mind of the cook from the first stage to the last.

Recipes from "The Land o' Cakes."

In a former paragraph I gave a few general hints concerning the promotion of a "Cake Fair" for charitable purposes. Now I shall give a couple of recipes confided to me by an old Scotch cook, that certainly ought to carry off prizes at any "Cake Fair." The first is for

A Simple Cheap Cake.

Mix in a basin a pound of flour, a dessertspoonful of baking-powder, and a pinch of salt. Rub in four ounces of butter or dripping. When every lump has been rubbed away so that the flour resembles fine oatmeal, add four ounces of moist sugar, one ounce of candied peel, chopped very small, half a pound of currants, picked over and carefully dried, and a quarter of a nutmeg grated. Mix carefully, then beat to a stiff paste with milk or water. Be careful not to make it over-moist, or the cake will eat heavy.

Jean's Cake.

Put into a basin two pounds of flour, add a saltspoonful of salt, and six teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. After stirring, rub in one pound of butter or dripping. Add to that half a pound of raisins, a pound of sugar, a pound and a half of currants, four ounces of chopped mixed peel, and half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Moisten with a little milk and four eggs, well whipped. Pour into tins that have been previously lined with paper, and bake in a well-heated oven.

AMONG THE BOOKS—AND THE YANKEES.

By Herbert Vivian.

"The Turn of the Balance." By Brand Whitlock. (London: Rivers. 1907. Price 6s.)

"The Industrial Republic: A Study of the America of Ten Years Hence." By Upton Sinclair. (London: Heinemann. 1907. Price 6s.)

A discouraging sign of the times is revealed by the growing prevalence of Yankee publications in this country, and pessimism would be justified if we were in any way dependent upon the garbage and twaddle manufactured by transatlantic illiterates. These two volumes, however, belong to a different category. They may be regarded as internal evidence, for they are Yankee criticisms of Yankee institutions, serious and presumably patriotic efforts to diagnose a national disease.

"The Turn of the Balance" may be read by very patient persons with a taste for horrors and meticulous details. On the cover is a Yankee eagle, holding a pair of golden scales in its beak and pressing down one side with a golden claw. The symbol and the title are to be taken as reflections upon the quality of Yankee justice. It is news that anyone needs convincing of the non-existence of Yankee justice. Admitting the necessity, however, I am not entirely satisfied by Mr. Whitlock's effort. There are some powerful and even blood-curdling passages in the course of his 616 pages, but the elaborate pictures of criminal life become tedious and the author seems to argue that mere poverty is alone a sufficient extenuation of the foulest felonies.

I can see what the author would be at. He imagines that the deeper the contrast between his lights and shades the more readily will he impress the eye. On the one hand we have a rich family named Ward; on the other hand a poor family called Koerner. The Wards prosper and the Koerners come to grief. That is the whole plot, all else being a labyrinth of details, which confuse the issues between the rich and the poor. Any synopsis is impossible, but a few pages may be turned over quickly to reveal the train of thought.

A dinner-party at the Wards'. Dreary talk about a recent fall of snow. "Suddenly from the direction of the kitchen came a piercing scream, evidently a woman's scream," as most screams are. After dinner, Mrs. Ward went to the kitchen, and found that it was her daughter Elizabeth's maid, Gusta Koerner, who had screamed. Mrs. Ward explained apologetically to her guests: "Word came about her father; he's been hurt, or killed, or something, in the railroad yards. . . . People of her class seem to have the most unerring faculty for calamity. They're always getting hurt, or sick, or dying, or something. The servants in my house suffer more bereavement in the course of a month than all the rest of my acquaintances in a lifetime." How inconsiderate of the servants!

This accident supplies one of the main threads of the story. Miss Ward sends a lawyer named Marriott to old Koerner to take up his case against the railway company. After long delays, Koerner is awarded 8,000 dollars for the loss of his leg, but his delight is short-lived, for the company takes the case up from court to court until the supreme authority decides against him. "He had been a railroad attorney before he became a judge.

So of course he gave the case in favour of his prospective benefactors. Marriott went to break the news to old Koerner, but found that it had already reached him:—

> When he saw Marriott his lips trembled in anger, and his eyes flashed from their caverns.
>
> "You lost, yah, I know dot. You lose all your cases, huh, pretty much, aind't it so?"
>
> Marriott flamed hotly.
>
> "No, it isn't so," he retorted, stepping back a little. "I have been unfortunate, I know, in your case, and in Archie's, but I did——"
>
> "Ho!" scoffed Koerner in his tremendous voice. "Vell, maybe you like to lose anudder case. Hier I gif you von."
>
> With a sudden and elaborate flourish of the arm he stretched over his crutch, he delivered a document to Marriott, and Marriott saw that it was the summons in the foreclosure suit.
>
> "I s'pose we lose dat case, too, aind't it?"
>
> "Yes," said Marriott, thoughtfully and sadly, tapping his hand with the paper, "we'll lose this. When did you get it?"
>
> "Dis morning. A deputy sheriff, he brought 'im——"
>
> "And he told you——"
>
> "'Bout de oder von? Yah, dot's so."
>
> They were silent a moment, and Marriott, unconsciously, and with something of the habit of the family solicitor, put the summons into his pocket.
>
> "Vell, I bet dere be no delays in dis case, huh?" Koerner asked.
>
> Marriott wondered if it were possible to make this old man understand.
>
> "You see, Mr. Koerner," he began, "the law——"
>
> The old German reared before him in mighty rage, and he roared out from his tremendous throat:—
>
> "Oh, go to hell mit your Gott-tamned law."
>
> And he slammed the door in Marriott's face.

Next we have the visit of the Sheriff's deputies to sell up Koerner's chattels. They have to break in, and this is what they find:—

> In the front room, on the plush lounge, lay the two children, Jakie and Katie, their throats cut from ear to ear. In the dining-room, where there had been a struggle, lay the body of Mrs. Koerner, her throat likewise cut from ear to ear. And from four huge nails driven closely together into the lintel of the kitchen door, hung the body of old man Koerner, with his one long leg just off the floor, and from his long yellow face hung the old man's tongue, as if it were his last impotent effort to express his scorn of the law, whose emissaries expected to find him there.

Another of the main currents in the book flows round the career of Koerner's son, Archie, a blackguard only redeemed by his courage, and casts up revelations of the Yankee criminal system. The details are so minute that, unless they are true, the author must possess more imagination than his book reveals. The stories of torture in Yankee prisons are particularly lurid:—

> Kouka and Quinn took him into a little room off the detectives' office, closed and locked the door, and then for two hours questioned him about the robbery of the post-office at Romeo, about countless other robberies in the city and out of it.
>
> The first day of his ordeal he sat in utter silence, sustained by dogged Teutonic stubbornness. That afternoon they renewed the torture; still he did not reply.
>
> The morning of the second day, though weakened in body and mind, he still maintained his stubbornness; that afternoon they had brought McFee with a fresh will to bear on him. By evening he told them he had stolen the revolver in Chicago. He did this in the hope of peace. It did gain him a respite, but not for long. The next morning they told him he had lied and he admitted it; then he gave them a dozen explanations of his possession of the revolver, all different, and all false. Then, toward evening, Kouka suddenly fell upon him, knocked him from his chair with a blow, and then, as he lay on the floor, beat him with his enormous hairy fists. Quinn, the only other person in the room, stood by and looked on. Finally, Quinn grew alarmed, and said:—
>
> "Cheese it, Ike! Cheese it!"
>
> Kouka stopped and got up.
>
> Archie was weeping, his whole body trembling, his nerves gone.

After extracting the confession, the authorities proceeded to play with Archie as a cat plays with a mouse. No sooner was he let out of prison than he would be persecuted and watched, and goaded into crime and locked up again. This is the kind of way in which the author asserts that discipline is maintained in Yankee prisons:—

> The reason why Archie had not answered his father's letter was a simple one. On that spring afternoon while Koerner and Marriott were sitting on the stoop, Archie, stripped to the waist, was hanging by his wrists from the ceiling of a dungeon, called a bull cell, in the cellar under the chapel, his bare feet just touching the floor. He had been hanging there for three days. At night he was let down and given a piece of bread and a cup of water, and allowed to lie on the floor, still handcuffed. At morning guards came, raised Archie, lifted him up, and chained his wrists to the bull rings. Later, Deputy Warden Ball sauntered by with his cane hooked over his arm, peered in through the bars, smiled, and said in his peculiar soft voice:—
>
> "Well, Archie, my boy, had enough?" . . . But Archie would not work.
>
> The next morning Ball patted him on the head, and said: "My dear boy, you are certainly foolish. He wants the water, Jim."
>
> Again they stripped him and forced him into the bath-tub. The tub had many and various devices, among them a block of wood, hollowed on one side to fit a man's chest if he sat in the tub, and as it could be moved back and forth in grooves along the top of the tub and fastened wherever need be, it could be made to fit any man and hold him in its vice against the end of the tub, in which quality of adjusting itself to the size of its victim it differed from the bed of Procrustes. And now they handcuffed Archie, fastened him in the tub, pressed the block against his broad, white, muscular chest, and while Ball and the guards

stood by, the negro with the privileges, arrayed now in rubber coat and boots, turned a fierce slender stream of water from a short rubber hose in Archie's face. Archie gasped, his mouth opened, and deftly the negro turned the fierce gushing stream into his mouth, where it hissed and foamed and gurgled, filling his throat and lungs, streaming down over his chin and breast. Archie's lips turned blue; soon his face was blue.

"I guess that'll do, Jim," said Ball.

When Archie regained consciousness they sent him back to the bolt shop.

But he would not work.

The next morning Ball showed again that tenderness that appealed so strongly to the humane gentlemen on the Prison Board.

"Why, Archie!" he said. "Why, Archie!" Then he paused, rolled his cigar about and said: "String him up, boys, until he's ready to go back to work."

After the guards had fastened his hands above his head in the bull rings, they closed and locked the door of the cell and left him. . . . At first Archie found relief in changing his position. By raising himself on tiptoe he could ease the strain on his wrists; by hanging his weight from his wrists he could ease the strain on his feet. He did this many times; but he found no rest in either position. The handcuffs grew tight; they cut into his wrists like knives. His hands were beginning to go to sleep; they tingled, the dartin needles stung and pricked and danced about. Then his hands seemed to have enlarged to a preposterous size, and they were icy cold. Presently he was filled with terror; he lost all sense of feeling in his arms. Rubbing his head against them, he found them cold; they were no longer his arms, but the arms of someone else. They felt like the arms of a corpse. An awful terror laid hold of him. In his insteps there was a mighty pain; his biceps ached; his neck ached, ached, ached to the bones of it; his back was breaking. The pain spread through his whole body, maddening him. With a great effort he tore and tugged and writhed, lifting one foot, then the other, then stamped. At last he hung there numb, limp, inert. In the cell it was dark and still. No sound could reach him from the outer world. Archie lay on a plank, the handcuffs still on him all the night. In the morning they hung him up again.

The next day, and the next, and the next—for seven days—Archie hung in the bull rings. In the middle of the eighth day, after his head had been rolling and lolling about on his shoulders between his cold, swollen, naked arms, he suddenly became frantic, put forth a mighty effort, lifted himself, and began to bite his hands and his wrists, gnashing his teeth on the steel handcuffs, chattering like a maniac.

That evening, the evening of the eighth day, when the guard came and flashed his lamp on him, Archie's body was hanging there still, his chin on his breast. Down his arms the blood was trickling from the wounds he had made with his teeth. The guard set down his lantern, ran down the corridor, returned presently with Ball, and Jeffries, the doctor.

They lowered his body. The doctor bent his head to the white breast, and listened.

"Take him to the hospital," he said. "I guess he's had about all he can stand."

"God, he had nerve!" said Ball, looking at the body "He wouldn't give in."

At last Archie is released, and he takes an early opportunity of killing one of his persecutors. The author seems to think that he ought to have benefited by the "unwritten law," but after the usual delays he is sentenced to death, and we have a sickening, blood-curdling account of his execution. The book will probably appeal to those who appreciate horrors, and it proves that the attitude of Yankees towards criminals is almost as barbarous as that in any country in the world. There are, however, no practical suggestions for reform.

Mr. Sinclair's book would probably have attracted no attention save for the sensation recently aroused by his attack on Chicago meat. "The Industrial Republic" is a half-crazy socialistic tract dedicated to the egregious Wells. It commits itself to a prophecy that there will be a revolution in the United States of North America "within one year after the Presidential election of 1912." And the author assures us that, in making this forecast, he speaks "not as a dreamer or a child, but as a scientist and a prophet." The rest of the book shows that Yankee Socialists are even madder and stupider than English ones. I cannot imagine anyone wishing to read it for pleasure or instruction, but it may supply the editor of the *Daily Express* with some striking quotations. Here is one awful example:—

> Picture to yourself half-a-dozen men on an island. If the island be fertile they can get along without any foreign trade, can they not? Then why cannot a nation do it?

BYE-WAYS IN BOHEMIA LAND.

By S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald.

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN.

Lieut.-Colonel Jackson, retired, slept in Hardway Street and lived at the "Man of Means." He was a short, well-set, grey-haired man, a scholar, and a gentleman by birth and education, with good manners at all times. But he suffered from what a lively young friend called "whiskeyitis." The Colonel sat and soaked from foggy morn till dusky eve. Directly the doors were unbarred, he would shuffle half-dressed into the four-ale bar, the only one open at five o'clock in the morning, to partake of two or three "goes" of rum and milk, hot. There he would sit until about seven, when he would go home and wash. This last little item he forgot occasionally, and after awhile altogether. When breakfast was over—he lived in a boarding-house—which he had in the back kitchen on account of his dirty habits, he would struggle back to the hostelry, and sit and imbibe until one-thirty, when he would have a meal in the kitchen of the boarding-house again, and then as speedily as possible he would return to occupy his old seat in the saloon bar until closing time. Here the Colonel would fight his battles over again. He showed, with pardonable pride, the medals and his discharge papers, which proved that on his retirement he bore an excellent reputation.

However, Colonel Jackson's conversation was always delightful, and we forgot the shabbiness, nay, the raggedness of the outer man, as we listened to the wisdom of the inner. He never repelled, moreover, by his unclean condition, but rather aroused compassion and sympathy. He was, I should say, about fifty-six years of age—but where the story of his life began and ended I cannot say.

It was twilight, and the Colonel seemed in a reminiscent mood. He spoke of his early days, his college triumphs, his success in the field, and the position he attained "through mad determination," he exclaimed, bringing his fist down on the table, making the glasses rattle against the pewter, and upsetting the match-stand. Then he relapsed into silence, the while I watched his mouth twitch and his poor old eyes grow dim with tears. After a few moments had elapsed he drew forth a very faded photograph. He handed it to me. It was that of a beautiful girl. I looked at the lovely face and then gazed at the Colonel, who, without saying a word, held out his hand and took the photograph back again. "Three months only," he said.

"Death?"

"No! Damnation! And my greatest friend. Oh, heaven, and I loved her with all my heart."

I saw it all in an instant. That night, for the first time for weeks, the Colonel left early.

There was one thing that puzzled me. Once every month the Colonel used to appear in a new pair of cheap patent shoes. I soon gathered the reason of this extraordinary extravagance. On pension day his landlord used to keep him sober, and dress him up in a clean shirt and a well-fitting suit of clothes that were only brought forth on these occasions, and the two would drive to the War Office in a hansom-cab. After the money was paid and received by the Colonel—I forget what the sum was, but I fancy it was nineteen pounds odd per month—the boarding-house keeper, presenting his bill, took the cash, with the exception of a sovereign, and for one day at least Colonel Jackson looked what he was—a gentleman. On the following day he appeared in his worn-out clothes again, the landlord paying himself exorbitantly out of the poor old chap's pension for his keep, and allowing him so much per diem to spend in cigars and drink.

The old man was a confirmed dipsomaniac, and filthy at that. The truth must out. He grew so bad that the genial landlord, after having received many complaints, refused to allow the old chap to sit in the saloon, and so he went gradually through the private bar, the intermediary bar, the bottle and jug department, until he ended up in the four-ale bar, where he would sit gloomily, silently, through all the hours, dead to himself and broken to mankind.

One day he did not appear. He was absent a week, and then a fearful ghost, a wreck, came on the scene, and demanded whiskey. He had slipped out when the nurse was employed, and, thinking her patient was asleep, had gone upstairs. They fetched him from "The Man of Means," and the next day he was dead.

There were no real mourners. The landlord of the boarding-house where he lodged, who, through his own stupidity, by allowing the Colonel too much licence, had killed the goose with the golden eggs, had sufficient decency to follow, and if he wept one tear it was because the Colonel had saluted for the last time on pension day. *Adsum.*

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

A GREAT CHRISTIAN FESTIVAL.

Christmas is a great religious festival. This is the reason why it is endeared to me by so many fragrant memories. It is the time when my rent is due. Likewise it is about the time when I am expected to be getting ready to pay my insurance premiums. Also the festive occasion when the lamplighter, and the postman, and the dustman, and the policeman wish me the compliments of the season. If the Government would only call for the income-tax, and the gas company for the gas account, and the Water Board for the water rate, and the Borough Council for the Consolidated rate, nothing would be wanting to transport me to the highest pinnacle of human ecstasy. Even as things are I never fail to wish myself a glorious Christmas and a Happy New Year when it comes. A clear conscience fears nothing.

There is too much religion about Christmas altogether. I think there should be more eating and drinking. Instead of mortifying the flesh, and packing a bit of food here and there just to keep faintness away, we should commence to partake of large quantities of multifarious food and assorted liquidity from six p.m. on Christmas Eve, and continue right on, with short intervals for sleep, till religion had got a thorough hold of us. Obviously, the whole basis of modern Christianity is turkey, goose, fowls, hares, rabbits, pork pie, cake, plum pudding, beer, wine, and whisky, and I should like to know how it has come about that Christmas finds us all so abstemious. In the early Church, it is true, they rejoiced at the Christmas festival without either pork pie or plum-pudding; that was probably because they could not get it. They also refrained from whisky; that was probably because none of the early Christians was Scotch.

I yet hope to live to see the day when all Christians will celebrate Christmas by eating and drinking freely, as did the gentleman in the old story when he went up to New York from Maine. He ate through seven courses, half a bottle of claret, and a quart of champagne, and then ordered a Havana cigar, a coffee, and cognac. Presently he tendered fifty cents to the proprietor. "Don't quite see it, stranger," said the proprietor; "guess your food'll cost you more." The diner pointed to the card on the wall: "Dinner, Fifty Cents." "Yass," explained the proprietor, "thet's so; but when a man eats an' drinks as ef thar war no hereafter, then we chalk him up fer twenty dollars seventy-five—an', by gosh, he's got ter pay it."

When I arrive home on Christmas Eve, say at 6 p.m., I do not work. I wait for customers. Two small boys with a halfpenny lantern come to carol through the letter box. One is afraid to sing, and the other has no voice also. Having performed something about "God rest you, merrie gentleman, let nothing you dismay," to the best of their ability, they are kind enough to remark through the keyhole that they wish me a merry Christmas. This entertainment costs me as much as twopence for a start. About nineteen other entertainments of the kind follow. The eighteenth gets a penny, and the nineteenth gets the dog and loses a portion of its trousers. At intervals between, a large number of ladies and gentlemen call for Christmas boxes, including the lady who collects the washing, inspired to their task by the sacred music of a hurdy-gurdy man. When the hurdy-gurdy man has exhausted his religious repertoire for twopence, he informs Mary Ann that he'll start all over again for another penny. This time the hymns sound like polkas, and various children assemble and dance the dance of joy.

It is now 11 p.m., and in the dark and chilly night up rolls a man with a cornet, halts in front of the hall door, and commences to play "Lead, Kindly Light." I at once despatch Mary Ann to turn out the gas till he has gone. The kindly light out, he plays "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night." I go out and tell him that if he'll play me two more hymn tunes, I'll give him a ha'penny. He says he hopes I'll have the worst Christmas I ever had.

There is an interval of peace, but the interval is short. At about a quarter to twelve several ladies and gentlemen arrive with a harmonium. Some of them sing tenor, and others sing equally as horrible. At suitable places they leave room for the treble and basses to have a go. They commence with "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," and of course, there is no alternative except to hark. They finish with "Hail! Smiling Morn!" Immediately I go out and hail the smiling morn, shed a shilling, stand a moment listening to the church bells, and then depart to rest.

In an hour or so, when I have begun to dream about the wing and the breast of our turkey, and two helpings of plum pudding, a mighty German band stops dead under the window and plays another touching tune, "Christians Awake, Salute the Happy Morn." I go to the foot of the staircase where Mary Ann sleeps her long and blessed sleep. "Mary Ann," I shout, "awake and salute the happy morn, for pity's sake." Mary Ann does not answer. A trifle like a German band would not arouse her. It is dynamite she wants. Still the mighty music floats on the balmy air to my window—"Christians Awake, Salute the Happy Morn," over and over again. Up goes the window. I plug a blank cartridge into a revolver, and in another instant the muzzle is covering the leader of the band. There is a tremendous bang. The happy morn is saluted. The trombones and clarionets and fiddles are soon far away. Only the man with the big drum lingers behind. Another awful bang from the revolver, and he, too, hastens his footsteps. Then I sleep.

THE COMING OF SLIP-CHIN.

NEW CURE FOR INK-SWILL.

Ink-Swill, though not a painful or directly fatal malady, may still be regarded as the most troublesome and pernicious of our modern diseases. It is closely allied to appendicitis; in fact, the worst forms of Ink-Swill have enlarged or diseased appendices. Another factor that links the two maladies is the resemblance in their history.

At first both were exclusively medical questions, then they became surgical, and, lastly, journalistic.

Professor Kutemoff, of Moscow, the greatest authority in the world on Ink-Swill, has just discovered a new and most effective cure. The new remedy is named Slip-chin, and is described as an alterative—stimulating and elevating in a high degree. Many of the patients treated recently were feeble and paralysed, but Professor Kutemoff affirms that "in a few seconds after the application of the new remedy each patient kicked out most vigorously, and seemed to regain the perfect use of his arms and legs." This is most satisfactory, and the treatment may be looked upon as the greatest discovery in modern therapeutics.

Curiously enough, Professor Von Kalkrafft, of Berlin University, has introduced a similar form of treatment by a new remedy which he calls Trips-him.

Slip-chin *v.* Trips-him.

There is a certain similarity in the names Slip-chin and Trips-him, and Russia and Germany—and, let us hope, England—will eagerly discuss and weigh the merits of the products of these two famous savants.

Ink-Swill is a disease which, like influenza, attacks in many forms; the worst cases have a tendency to invent or swallow unhealthy articles in the *Daily Meals:* cancers, microbes, pustules, *et hoc genus omne* are marked for consumption, and discussed with relish and windy eructations. The general public catches the infection, and there is produced a nation of lepers.

Every disease has its antidote, and this foul malady has proved no exception; at present we have no definite particulars of Professor Von Kalkrafft's methods, but the treatment carried out by Professor Kutemoff is as follows:

The New Treatment.

The treatment by Slip-chin might almost be called mechanical, and is more allied to massage than operative surgery.

The patient is placed on a raised platform at the back of which is a vertical beam; at the top of this beam is a horizontal bar extending over the patient's head. To this bar is attached a rope with a noose to slip under the patient's chin (hence the word Slip-chin). When the rope has been properly adjusted the platform is removed and the patient is left for an hour or two.

It is not precisely known why this simple remedy should cause such a sudden and violent commotion in the human frame, but the rule is to continue the treatment until all movement has ceased, and the parts are thoroughly relaxed, or, to use Professor Kutemoff's words, "When the patient has become *quite* cool and collected, we may rest assured that he will never again suffer from Ink-Swill."

No doubt this discovery will enable Russia to rid herself of so hideous a malady, and England will do well to adopt the same method of treatment.

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SOME FAMOUS COMPETITION CRAZES.

By Arch. Gibbs.

The rising generation which has gone mad over the imbecile Limerick lotteries, and spends its sixpences in a vain endeavour to ascertain the remarks of courtly sharks and Dundee doctors, has little recollection of the famous missing word craze which, after rolling over the country in a vast flood for months, was at length lost in the sands of the Law Courts.

Pearson's Weekly, the same journal which now collects the largest Limerick pools, was the paper instrumental in starting this same flood, which had a very moderate beginning, indeed. It was Mr. Pearson's object, as he afterwards explained, to take this sort of competition out of the hands of private manipulators who advertised in the papers, and conduct it fairly. As a guarantee that all the shillings sent in (there were no sixpenny postal orders then) would be divided, a chartered accountant's statement was given with each competition result, and a statement that a sealed envelope containing the correct word had been duly lodged and opened. At first—in December, 1891—remittances trickled in very slowly, and it was not until February, 1892, that as much as £50 was in hand per week for distribution. Just as Tenterden Steeple has been said to be responsible for Goodwin Sands—or is it *vice-versâ*?—so unquestionably it was the influenza epidemic which that winter raged in England which first gave an impetus to the missing word competitions; for it was when Mr. Pearson saturated each copy of his paper with eucalyptus for the benefit of his sneezing readers that the tourney first caught on.

Among the earliest competitors was the late Mr. Andrew Tuer, the publisher, and that gentleman, after starting by winning £13 odd for finishing up a sentence with the word "evolved," eventually, by speculating £5 on the word "awkward," gained over £800.

At first *Pearson's*, and some allied papers from the same house, had the field all to themselves, but the public became so interested in the ladies whose conduct in wearing egret plumes was "simply *infamous*" and the butterfly-food which was "very *savourless*," that, as now, the imitation which is said to be sincerest form of flattery became very prevalent. By the beginning of December, with Christmas well in sight, the resources of the Postal Department were taxed to the utmost. *Pearson's Weekly* itself was receiving as much as £8,000 and even £10,000 per week, and thousands were sent to *Answers*, *Pick-Me-Up*, and other publications. At length, from Pulpit, Press, and Parliament, a great, though very tardy, outcry arose about the dislocation of business, the undue pressure on the Post Office, and the demoralisation of the public, to which outcry Mr. Asquith, the Home Secretary, yielded and peremptorily ordered the competitions to stop. Legal proceedings were taken in the police-court, and it was held that, by a very old Act of Parliament, these contests, which had been running for months, were lotteries. Lord Northcliffe (then Mr. Alfred Harmsworth) immediately handed over to the Treasury £5,000 he had in hand, the entrance fees of two competitions, but *Pearson's Weekly* decided to contest the matter further, being permitted to use the entrance fees in hand for that purpose. However, the police-court decision was upheld, and in the summer of 1893 the would-be competitors in the last two contests received a portion of their money back. Thus, as far as English papers were concerned, ended the missing word craze But the microbe driven from these shores took refuge, first in Belgium and then in Holland, and it was only after several years that three flourishing swindlers, trading as J. and H. Arthur, were eventually run to earth by the police.

The next great competition craze was the picture puzzle craze, which broke out in the early part of 1903. There the Pearson papers again led the way, and the proprietors of the *Grand* and *Pearson's Weekly* are now paying large pensions to gentlemen living at Balham and Hastings, the latter a phrenological professor of the name of Durham. In connection with these contests, too, the Pearson proprietary successfully defended an action brought by a lady named Mrs. Margaret Church, a teacher of music.

Far more interesting was the hidden treasure craze of the same year. In this instance *Tit-Bits* was the forerunner. Most people have read Edgar Allen Poe's brilliant short story, "The Gold Bug," and know how one—William Legrand—assisted by his coloured servant Jupiter and his friend, the supposed author of the tale, discovered a treasure of fabulous amount imagined to have been buried by Captain Kidd, the pirate, the whereabouts of which treasure was revealed to Legrand on account of his skill in unravelling an ingenious cipher message. It is this idea that the anonymous author of the two well-known treasure-stories—"Hidden, Not Lost" and "Gold in Waiting" exploited. The first sum of money—£500—hidden in connection with these stories was buried on June 3rd, 1903, by the author and Mr. Frank Newnes, now M.P. for Bassetlaw, Notts. These gentlemen drove in a motor to the spot situated near a lane, locally known as Deadwoman's Lane, about a mile from Hitchin, on the road to Luton, and after some trouble succeeded in burying the gold in two rocket-cases by the roadside. These were found on August 13th, 1903, by a Mr. N. S. Hubbard and his friend, Mr. Joliffe, though they were run very close by a Glaswegian solicitor, who actually saw his rivals dig the money from the earth. A special excursion train was run from King's Cross for people anxious to see the locale. Subsequently gold was hidden in the Wake Valley Pond, Epping Forest; in Glasgow; between Wigan and Warrington; at Jesmond Dene, Newcastle; and between Birmingham and Coventry. A curious incident happened towards the close of the competitions, when a number of people came up to London thinking they would be given £200 in notes in a sealed envelope by a messenger-boy, they having misread the clues.

Naturally such a fine idea as this of *Tit-Bits* was soon pirated—or, rather, parodied. Tubes containing money were hidden by the river Lea and in other parts, and medallions entitling finders to apply for bullion were scattered all over the country. England at the beginning of 1904 became a vast Tom Tiddler's ground, and an immense amount of damage was done to river walls, gardens, and trees. People were arrested for treasure-hunting by day and night, and near the Herbert Hospital at Woolwich Common treasure-hunters were actually dispersed one Sunday morning by mounted police. The "clues" were ridiculously easy, unlike the cipher messages given in *Tit-Bits*, which required ingenuity to solve, and it was palpable that one again, under the guise of a skill competition, a vast nuisan and a colossal gamble was being engineered. On one occasion at Kilburn, when interfering with a water-tap a treasure-hunter received such a deluge in his face that he had to be taken to a bospital. Finally, the Manchester authorities proceeded against the proprietors of a paper, and the business fizzled out.

What will be the fate of Limerick competitions remains to be seen.

"OUR PUBLIC TRUSTEE."

This being our Christmas issue, we desire that it should contain no jarring note. Our second article on this subject therefore stands over till next week.

It is pleasant to be able to record that the *Truth* Doll Show fully maintained its high reputation this year, and that consequently the little ones in the hospitals and workhouses will not be diappointed. The 11,000 new sixpences were also on show, a fund having been opened to supply the place of the late Sir F. Tress Barry's anonymous generosity. Over 30,000 dolls were assembled, most of them quaint, pretty, or curious.

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IT IS SO

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That the Australian cricketers are all "rabbits."

That would-be lady booking-clerks complain that the pigeon-holes are not large enough.

That the barbers are getting up a testimonial to Frank Richardson.

That the Conservative Party is "in the Van."

That Mr. Birrell has jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.

That Ireland is excellently named.

That it suits China to be Japanned.

That "Festina lente" is Mr. Asquith's motto.

That Mr. Justice Grantham has retired from the Bench on a well-earned pension amid sincere regret from the whole Bar.

That the route taken by the Kaiser on his return to Germany was *via* Calais and Paris.

That as not one of the many legal gentlemen conducting the Druce case could on a recent occasion in court define the meaning of the word "Daguerreotype," it has been decided that whenever any future reference is made to photography the evidence shall be taken *in camera*.

That the Army Council has issued an order whereby all applicants for a commission in the Brigade of Guards shall pass a satisfactory examination in the theory and practice of golf, dancing, bridge, and drag-driving.

That in the coming year the *Times* will join the ranks of the halfpenny Press.

That Sir Alfred Jones has resigned his position of Consul to the Congo Free State, and is likely to be succeeded by a much-esteemed member of the Aborigines Protection Society.

That the Nonconformist Conscience is greatly shocked by the accounts of the atrocities committed by the Goumier auxiliaries of the French in their campaign in North Africa against the Arab "rebels."

That the present cruise of the American Navy to San Francisco, *via* South America, evokes the wildest enthusiasm from all ranks throughout the fleet.

That in consequence of recent legislation, no tips whatever will be expected or given during the Christmas season.

An engineer in Ohio claims to have invented a machine to invert the seasons. He studied in England.

Mr. Birrell, according to Lord Balcarres, is "an absolute coward." But surely a cowherd would not object to cattle-driving?

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS BOXES:—

To Dr. Macnamara.—A tuning fork.
To the medical students.—A little brown "jug."
To Santos Dumont.—A flight of imagination.
To Gunner Moir.—A copy of Burns.
To Mr. Plowden.—A few volumes of *Punch*.
To Dinizulu.—A holiday abroad.
To G. H. Druce.—A work on Company Law.
To the L.C.C.—A model of Noah's Ark.
To Hall Caine.—An original plot.
To Frank Richardson.—A few clean-shaven jokes.
To Publicans.—Better spirits.
To the Premier.—A clean bill of health.
To the State.—A Liberal dose of legislation.
To the Commissioner of City Police.—A toy dog.
To all his readers.—Hearty thanks and good wishes.
To Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.—A bottle of Scotch and a coronet.
To Mr. Winston Churchill.—A chip off the old block.
To the Lord Chancellor.—A book with gilt edges, entitled "How to be Happy though Married."
To Mr. Balfour.—A set of golf clubs and a tee caddie.
To Mr. Asquith.—A large lump of ice.
To Mr. Austen Chamberlain.—A mare's nest.
To Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C.—A wig, of very good quality.
To Mr. Justice Darling.—A book of jokes.
To Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P.—A bottle of Irish.
To Mr. John Redmond, M.P.—A fine, floury murphy and a big shillelagh.
To Mr. John Burns.—A hard nut to crack.
To Abdul Hamid.—Sublime Porte and an expiring Turkey.

"A doctor is a man who comes into the house with a purr in his voice, and a knife in his sleeve," says Hubert Wales. And a bill in his wake.

The South Shields man who recently discovered three £5 notes in an old Bible bought at a bookstall, will no doubt continue to "search the Scriptures diligently."

A special service for football players was held recently at Rochester Cathedral. They need it.

"An Amazing Sixpennyworth," is the heading to an advertisement of the *Daily Mail* Year Book. We agree.

"There's no power on earth like a pretty woman's," says Leonard Merrick. She can upset even a Zbysco.

"The 'Brown Dog' Riots," reads a heading. A gay young dog, evidently.

The Conservatives have started a van campaign. Many of the speakers will be in the cart.

A man at Cheltenham hanged himself because he failed to win a "Limerick." He found the last line.

Lord Lansdowne in a recent speech said: "Might we not say that the country was finding the Government out?" We thought they were in.

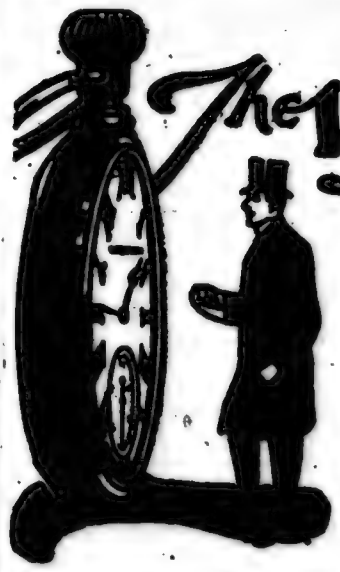
"How was the constable disguised?" a witness was asked in a licensing case. "Like a balloon," was the reply. For a rise, of course.

New Zealand's Parliament House has been destroyed by "tongues of flame." A fiery tongue often brings the house down.

The Fulham Council have decided to spend £10 for a gown, etc., for the mace-bearer. The ratepayers will make a grimace at the news.

Mr. Fraenkel is to ask the Corporation whether the Ludgate Hill hawkers cannot occupy the Churchyard. Some of them are already there—thanks to the motor 'bus.

Mr. Lloyd-George has been asked to settle the Denton hatters' dispute. He has scored hitherto—will he triumph over the bowlers?



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"TRUE AS STEEL."

Movements bearing the names "Riverside Maximus," "Vanguard," "Riverside," and "Royal" Specially recommended.

INTERESTING BOOK ON WATCHES, POST FREE, UPON REQUEST.

For our convenience please mention this paper.

ROBBINS AND APPLETON
(Wholesale to the Trade only),
125 High Holborn, London, W.C.
(Only address of the Waltham Watch Co

You need never have a dull hour if you read

Home Handicrafts,

the new Illustrated Weekly Penny Paper, the object of which is to help its readers to make the best use of their spare time. It is largely devoted to the various forms of Artistic Handicrafts which can be practised at home by Amateur Workers of either sex; but practically all kinds of recreative work, with various pastimes and the more important collecting hobbies, come within the limits of its scheme.

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To Asthma Sufferers
Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE in 1/- tins. SOLD EVERYWHERE. For FREE SAMPLE send Postcard to POTTER & CLARKE, Artillery Lane, London, E. Mention paper.
Instant relief

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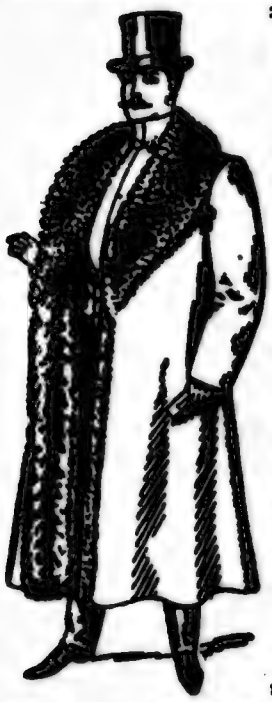
"BLACK & WHITE"
THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

BIRKBECK BANK.
Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.



Sale of Fur Coats at 1/3rd Reduction.
The remaining stock of Gustav Ellis and another Furrier.
A few of the bargains:—
5 good quality Beaver Cloth, lined Musquash, Persian Lamb Collars. Original price 15 gns. Sale price 10 gns.
6 Black Cloth, lined Genette large Astrachan collars. Original price 16 gns. Sale price £11 4s.
4 Black Cloth, lined Musquash, large Beaver Collars. Original price 20 gns. Sale price £14.
Also a quantity of coats, lined Hamster, Squirrel, Marmot, Beaver, Seal, &c., from £7 10s. to 50 gns.
Original prices £10 to 75 gns.
Swan & Edgar, LTD.,
Gentlemen's Department,
Piccadilly and Regent Street, W.

WATCHES
We hold the Largest Stock of Watches in the World, and we send Free our Large Catalogue of all makes of GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, ALBERT, RINGS, CHOICE JEWELLERY, and superior goods for PRESENTS. This book puts you in the best market, and explains our Easy Terms and Substantial Discount for Cash. Enormous Saving.
ASK FOR CATALOGUE B
J. G. GRAVES, Limited, SHEFFIELD.

CHARING CROSS BANK.
(Established 1870.)
28, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and
32, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.
Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.
Assets, £1,607,949. Liabilities, £1,236,271. Surplus, £371,678.
LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.
Stocks and Shares bought and sold.
Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.
Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 "
" 12 " " " 7 "
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.
Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 37 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?
If so, What is your Number?
SEE PAGE 587.

OUR SOCIALISTIC NOVEL.

By Radcliffe Martin.

(An advertisement in the *Daily News* invites authors to write a serial story for a new Christian Socialist journal With deference, we submit the first chapter, introducing the hero, the heroine, and the villain. Its fragmentary condition is due to the urgent necessity (in a Socialistic novel) of cutting the cackle).

Hector Blackson stood on a hill-top surveying the drear Lone Valley. Around him were gathered his allies—listening with all the interest they could assume to what they fervently hoped to be his peroration. The clear tones of the orator rang out, "I see before me a vision of a smaller England—an England in which every institution from the cradle to the grave is nationalised—an England in which what is mine is every man's, and (more important still) what is every man's is mine—an England in which the poor man lives in luxury on the taxes wrung from the bloated rich—an England, in short, in which all men (having less than £300 a year) are free and equal."

"All no good without the nationalisation of wives." grunted Comrade Squelch.

"That involves the nationalisation of mothers-in-law," interposed a gay youth of fifty.

Comrade Swells held up his hand to demand silence: "I predict that the world-state of the future will be peopled by a comely race, clad in graceful robes, free alike from the bondage of the ecclesiastic and the schoolmaster. If by some magic charm we could sweep away the moral and intellectual litter of twenty centuries——"

"Hold," interrupted Hector Blackson, "I have that charm," and he held aloft a broken bottle.

Marguerite Billingherse was leaving the Liberal meeting in the customary way, on the shoulders of six much-scratched stewards. As she was deposited on the pavement she saw a howling mob of strikers in the road, pursuing knob-sticks and their police escort with volleys of stones and broken glass. In the rear of the crowd, at a safe distance, stood a noble youth, who cheered the strikers on. His eyes met hers, and a thrill ran through them both. "Votes for Women," cried Marguerite automatically adding in a whisper to the policeman: "Who is that youth with the red neck-tie and the figure of a Greek god?"

"'Im," replied the constable, "that's 'Ector Blackson, miss. I wish I 'ad 'im within reach of this 'ere truncheon."

As the policeman thrust her off the pavement, her gaze followed her ideal of masculine beauty. "Hector, you must, and shall, be mine, she cried."

Little did she think that this exclamation had been overheard by a wicked capitalist as he whirled past in his motor car, just laming a poor workman or so as he went on his way. "Ah," cried Sir Lucius Gradgrind (who had amassed twenty millions by employing seamstresses 120 hours weekly for a total wage of 1s. 3d., find their own cotton and buttons). "Aha, damsel, thou hast revealed thy heart's secret. Mine be it to blight thy life and ruin the man I dread."

* * * * * * * *

Marguerite Billingherse sat at the breakfast table, looking in the morning papers for snap-shots of herself. "Not one," she groaned. "After all, is the game worth the candle? Would not it be better to go on the stage and be picture-postcarded?" Despairingly she turned to her letters for relief. She read with scorn the offer of a beef-extract company to provide her with a free case of their products on condition that she allowed them to advertise that she trained on it. Then she opened the final letter, and her little heart beat quickly as she looked at it.

"Verse," she cried, "and his signature! How tasteful of him to send me an up-to-date Limerick instead of an old-fashioned sonnet." Then she read the lines:—

"An orator noble who strives
To elevate poor peoples' lives,
Says Miss Billingherse,
'For better or worse,
Oh, won't you be one of my wives?'
HECTOR BLACKSON."

"One of 'em!" screamed the insulted maiden. "Never—never—never!"

(Here we have the hero and heroine effectually separated in the first chapter. No doubt some Socialistic Holmes will in the last chapter detect that this Love Limerick is the base forgery of a brutally bloated capitalist, and the book will close to the sound of marriage bells.)

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

We have some specially fine Christmas and New Year picture postcards, and shall be happy to send a few to any reader applying to the publisher for them.

"JACK BEEF" (Ashanti, Gold Coast Colony).—We watch over the interests of our Colonial readers even more carefully than over our own. It is very kind of you to promise Jim Crow your suit of clothes in the event of your winning one. No doubt you have not much use for clothes out there, and Jim will be glad of something to wear now that the cold weather is coming on.

D. J. H. (Sutton).—A confusion between Victoria Street and Queen Victoria Street is scarcely worth a biscuit. Remember what a great run there is on our tin.

A. W. D. (Birmingham).—Surely a bird is an animal. Did your friends in Birmingham think it was a vegetable or a mineral?

W. B. T. (Raynes Park).—Redundant, perhaps, but not very funny.

"ONE OF YOUR READERS" (London W.).—Both wrong, probably.

A. A. T. P. (Northumberland Place).—The poor thing could probably do with a biscuit.

"JASON" (Dawlish) wants a biscuit for a hairdresser who awarded a prize of 3s. 6d. for a Limerick which made "stylish" rhyme with Dawlish. But if we once began giving biscuits for rotten Limerick lines the tin would soon be empty.

F. S. (Bishop Auckland).—We should call it a trick rather than a swindle.

E. P. (Eastbourne).—It is a silly advertisement, for how can a tablet turn a cup into a plate? But we must not give them a free advertisement. Why do you send us a stamp for a reply? We have stuck it on the back of Jim Crow's neck and will post him to you.

L. V. A. (Clapham).—Guarantees for cheap watches are often disappointing. You are usually told that you have damaged the works yourself. Of course if you are a millionaire you can go to law.

J. G. B. (Sheffield).—In that case it must have been very silly.

E. B. (Glasgow).—We will take care that Jim Crow does not visit Campbeltown.

G. H. P. (Kromie Village Camp, West Africa) has a poor opinion of missionaries. He says they have done nothing to civilise natives, whom he regards as "born vagabonds, thieves, liars, and wicked to their hearts." G. H. P. will probably be glad to get home.

T. S. B. (Leicester) wants to know how to cure catarrh of the nose. Dr. Crow suggests an internal application of hot whisky punch.

M. C. (Chester) says we are "like a man's nose," because we are "red in every clime." We fear M. C. must be too fond of the flowing bowl.

"NORI" (Glasgow) and A. E. P. (Bowes Park).—The firm named is, we believe, quite *bona fide*, but you might try the London Chamber of Commerce first.

E. S. (Bradford) sends us some interesting correspondence he has had with the dental lamp tricksters, Harvey Taylor and Co., 61, City Road, E.C. In March last E.S. sent them 42s. for the lamps upon the assurance that "if from any unforeseen circumstances you should have some left, we *will* agree to sell them for you." A month later, not being able to dispose of any, Harvey Taylor invited him to return them, stating "We will endeavour to dispose of them for you." On November 13th they write him, "Your lamps are not yet sold. We will remit you immediately (they are sold), or shall we return them? There is nothing due to you until they are sold." E.S. overlooked the little word "will," which we have italicised in their first letter, and has, of course, been "had."

"A TRUE BULLITE" (Mill Hill) asks whether "Albert Murray," late of 9, Old Cavendish Street, money lender, is identical with Masters of that address. "Murray" is really a tout whose proper name is Nathan Rosen, and, of course, it is possible that he has invited unwary persons to walk into Masters' parlour.

"SKRAP" (Forcados, South Nigeria).—We thought the word "nigger," was a term of endearment. But we are sorry to have hurt your feelings.

E. J. L. (Islington) is anxious to know the meaning of the word Howth. It is probably short for how the devil.

"CRUEL CORSETS" has written to us again. As we foresaw, a girl who refused to wear a 19-inch corset was dismissed on the pretext of wearing dirty cuffs. Her young man is taking the matter up and is summoning the proprietor for wrongful dismissal. We shall be glad to hear what happens. Meanwhile, we wish the plaintiff good luck.

PEARKS'

DELICIOUS,

REFRESHING

Over 300 Branches in Town and Country.

TEA

PROMPT CASH ADVANCES
£100 TO £10,000
LENT PRIVATELY
on approved note of hand, without security.
FIELDINGS
18, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.
For any period in Town or Country. Repayments as mutually agreed upon. No fees or bills of sale, and strictest privacy.
Advances on 2nd mortgages. Bills discounted.

FREE PAMPHLET No. 27.
describing scheme for providing professional business men with an income of £1 to £15 per week during incapacity by any kind of sickness or accident, with *guaranteed* return of all contributions. Send name and address to—
HENRY BROWN, 18, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

J. S. B. (Aldershot).—It is scarcely fair to send the same letter to two different papers to comment upon. We had, however, prepared an answer to your former letter. Why do you tell us these ancient anecdotes? You probably need have no fear about drowning. Do try to be a little less wordy the next time you write.

G. S. R. (Victoria Embankment) wants a biscuit for the *Daily News* for saying that a Crimean veteran remembered Miss Florence Nightingale "and the other soldiers' wives." But the *Daily News* has the authority of Herodotus, who wrote about "horses and other camels."

"LIMERICKER" (Walthamstow).—You must not mind our chaff. You were surely not born to be drowned.

E. J. (Holland Park Avenue) is horror-struck by what he calls the rottenness of the lines in our Limerick competition. He particularly objects to one which we agree might have been expressed more delicately.

R. G. (Kildare).—The geography of the *Irish Independent* would certainly seem to require rubbing up if it imagines that the German Emperor is now staying in the Isle of Wight and can motor thence to the New Forest. R. G. welcomes the revival of "Prisoners at the Bar" and would like some more stories by Roland Hamilton. We wish we could please everybody.

"A WOULD-BE TAXI-MAN" (Piccadilly Circus) says the examination imposed upon men desiring to drive taxi-cabs is too hard, and that a candidate generally has to go up from six to ten times before passing in "knowledge of London." It appears that the authorities exact a knowledge of every street within the four-mile radius. We should not care to pass such an examination ourselves.

L. H. H. (Streatham).—Quite funny enough for a crumb.

"JOHN BULL" (Hampton Court).—Yes, but if you look up your political economy books, you will see that extravagance does not help trade. It is all unproductive expenditure, and, in the case of the Orleans' wedding, it was disgustingly vulgar expenditure also.

"JACK BULLOCK" (Wandsworth).—Thanks for the crisp biscuit.

G. P. (Clapham) points out that *London Opinion* had a "Skill Competition," and divided up £187 10s. among five people, each of whom received £36 15s. Maybe there was some skill in this division.

D. B. G. (Belfast).—You do not send the cutting from the paper you wish to feed.

C. J. C. (Dulwich).—We were also indignant, but we hear that the Carpet Knight has denied the impeachment.

B. W. (Brighton).—Yes, we should have thought that the Editor of *London Opinion* would have been a better hand at figures, but he has no ground for dissatisfaction with the result. See answer to G. P. (Clapham).

A. J. B. (Chester).—No, we don't think much of the major's logic.

G. R. F., HUMOURIST (Grove Lane).—We never met anybody before who put "Humourist" on his visiting card. However, it is rather funny to advertise fox-terrier puppies, dam Noisy. They usually are.

MRS. M. B. (Hammersmith).—Thanks, already noticed.

W. W. (Leeds).—We are afraid you will cut yourself if you are so sharp.

M. A. M. (Battersea).—Judging by the report it was an iniquitous decision.

"JACK BULLOCK" (Dalston).—We quite like the ending of your letter, "yours weekly," and hope you are going strong, and read us every day.

A. S. (Birmingham).—We do not quite understand your grievance about the railway company, but we invite other readers to give their impressions of the Co-partnership Tenants, Ltd. (6, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.).

J. A. C. (Fulham).—If you knew how many candidates there were for our biscuits, you would certainly withdraw your claim.

A. T. (Putney).—If we once began giving biscuits to judges the tin would very quickly be empty.

"MERROW" (Guildford).—We are very sorry. Come and see us, and we will have a drink together.

H. S. (London, N.).—We are equally dense. We do not see any jest in your quotation from *Answers*.

E. R. H. (East Twickenham).—We quite agree that as a statesman, Mr. Churchill is not to be compared with Mr. Chamberlain.

H. R. (Bloomsbury Square).—Hurrah!

"OBSERVER" (Walthamstow).—No mention was made of shew-bread.

W. J. B. (High Wycombe).—Of course, it is horrible to think of Crimean veterans having to go to the workhouse. The country ought not to be so ungrateful.

F. H. S. (Woolwich) thinks we ought to be kinder to murderers. We wish him long life and prosperity.

A. E. W. (Bruton).—The off-chance has not come off. Very sorry. Kind regards.

W. H. U. (New Cross Gate).—What a lot of people have spotted that mistake in the *People*.

J. H. W. (Stockton-on-Tees).—We shall be glad to enrol you in the JOHN BULL League when it comes into existence.

C. F. H. (Liverpool).—You have a very pretty handwriting.

P. C. H. (Cardiff). If we were not so lazy we would certainly put our fingers into the tin and pull out a biscuit for the *Punch* Library of Humour which has been publishing a silly advertisement in *London Opinion*, and saying that seven alleged humo rists are "but one or two among the masters of comic genius." But such is surely not worth wasting biscuits upon.

H. N. S. (or almost any initials).—We would rather give the biscuit to the Jew.

R. T. says that about three months ago a canvasser left a sewing machine at his house without any order or authority. He asks whether he can be made to pay for it. Of course he cannot, but he had better tell his wife not to use it. Perhaps, however, it will be shown later on that something purporting to be an order has been signed.

P. S. (Nottingham).—Thanks for information. Our biscuit award was based upon a newspaper cutting. However, no harm has been done.

W. J. S. (Plymouth).—We do not pay for biscuit ingredients.

F. S. C. (London).—Thanks for letter. Sorry you have such a bad opinion of the Metropolitan Police and also of Jim Crow. They are very intimately associated.

C. E. O. (Sydenham).—You do not comply with our rule as to identifying name and date of paper, consequently we cannot take notice of the cutting.

L. J. L. (Kidderminster) sends us a copy of a notice appearing over the shop of Mr. S. Church, undertaker, of Shrubbery Street, Kidderminster (who we are assured is an enthusiastic Baptist "in his spare time"). The notice is as follows:—

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH. | THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE.

FUNERALS COMPLETELY FURNISHED
On the Shortest Notice.

J. H. N. (Urmston).—We will have a look at Mr. Hawks's latest circular—which, from a cursory glance, appears to be an improvement upon his customary effusions.

A. N. (Manchester) sends us a cutting from the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*, which states that the mare Faith, bred at Eaton, Hull, in the eighteenth century, secured the Oaks no fewer than nine times. So there is a chance for John Bull in the Derby, after all!

F. J. (Sale).—The measure to which you refer is the Limited Partnerships Act, which can be obtained from Messrs. Wymans, Fetter Lane, W.C.

T. W. Y. (Selby) is an American who is making a trip through England on foot and by train, seeing life. Having occasion to spend a few minutes in a barber's shop near Leeds, he found a copy of JOHN BULL. We are glad to hear he likes us well.

C. P. (Wrexham) answers a statement that the majority of shop assistants prefer to live in. He asks why in that case it is considered a signal mark of favour, a reward of long service or of seniority when a man is allowed to live out. When he hears employers singing the praises of the living-in system, he is reminded of a certain captain, who boasted that he commanded the happiest set of fellows in the world. Knowing the captain's extreme severity, a friend expressed some surprise at this statement. "Why," said the captain, "I have just had nineteen of the rascals flogged, and they are the happiest that it is over, while the rest are happy that they have escaped."

"SHELLBACK" (Bermondsey) complains of the Shipping Federation. He is forced to pay a shilling a year towards their funds. One of the benefits of this used to be that he was entitled to compensation for accidents, but now the new Employers Liability Act gives him an independent claim, so he considers it a grievance to have to go on paying his shilling.

D. T. H. (Chester).—We should not have thought that imagination was the very best qualification for writing a history.

E. W. S. (Limehouse) wants a biscuit for a confused paragraph in the *East End News*. We are told that a man died as the result of an injury, "and it was feared he will be laid up for several weeks as the result of the unfortunate incident."

"AN ADMIRER" (Mitcham).—Thanks for biscuit and for respects to Jim Crow, which, though undeserved, are reciprocated.

W. F. W. (Sheffield).—We wish you good luck also.

F. A. B. (Bristol).—We will see if we can find a corner for your kiss.

W. D. (West Green).—We do not think you foolish at all. In fact you seem to us remarkably intelligent.

Z. having thoug t that insurance agents ought to be licensed, "Insurance Agent" (Fulham) kindly suggests that Z. should be muzzled. But would that prevent his thinking?

H. C. (Aston Manor).—Rather rude, but we may be able to squeeze it in.

A. BULL (West Norwood) writes to Jim Crow:—"I read your articles with much pleasure. I always say, in the famous words, 'them's my sentiments.' What I like about you is your go-straight-to-the-point, hard-as-steel common sense." But Jim distinctly objects to the suggestion of five minutes' conversation with Father Vaughan. We are to remember that Jim is a member of the Smart Set.

"BARDELL" (Halifax) corrects Jim Crow about Yankees, and says that they are the exclusive property of the New England States, not the Northern States. But surely the New England States are in the North. With reference to the American Revolution against England, "Bardell" wants to know how we would expect a boy to behave "when he had licked his father." If he was a nice boy, he would certainly come round and apologise. We are glad to hear that there is one County Court judge who only makes orders against persons who can pay and won't. How is Mr. Pickwick?

"AMATEUR" (Fambridge-on-Crouch).—Did you really expect that paper to understand the difference between a mainsail and a mainsheet?

E. B. (Glasgow).—We give it up.

F. J. (Manchester).—We noticed that picture of a man bowling and a lady batting at the same end, but we must give the paper a rest, at any rate until after Christmas.

Y. CROW (Sheffield).—We should give the Kew Trading Association a miss in baulk, and thank our stars that they had forgotten us. Thanks for kind inquiries about Jim, "the traveller and lover." He tells us he is off to Portugal to see the revolution, but you never know. We have to cut him short sometimes in the hope of reforming him. He will be grateful for the receipt of your love and offers to split a small soda with you in return.

C. G. W. (Stoke Newington).—We are not in a poetical mood to-day, but thanks all the same.

E. D. B. (Diss).—The British Supply Co. (Ilkeston) is only one of the many watch traps.

B. F. (Liverpool) thinks it is not manly to criticise Keir Hardie when he is travelling for the good of his health. We wish he would take a real rest cure.

R. W. C. (Oswestry) sends us a fine bit of journalese from the *South Wales Express and Mail* (Cardiff). It appears that, when the German Emperor arrived unexpectedly at Portsmouth, "the mayor, with the bulging eye of incipient asphyxiation, swallowed his turtle steak unchewed, and ran like a rabbit for his address of welcome. The members of the Corporation tore in his wake like hounds. From barrack, club, hotel, house, and kennel, soldiers, officers, policemen, dogs, men, and babes flew on the wings of surprised amazement—breathless, frenzied, palpitant in a surging rush for the jetty." We are almost reminded of the *Eatanswill Gazette*, or Marie Corelli.

"ISIS" (Upper Sydenham).—P. O'T. shall certainly have his biscuit. We are glad you like Dahle's poem about the conscription nonsense. Of course, we agree with you about good Nonconformists, and are prepared to admit that they go to America when they die. Bless you, we bear nobody any ill-will.

D. F. (Gloucester).—We do not understand the allusion and suppose it was intended for a joke. If if was a joke, it was a very poor one.

C. P. D. (Richmond) wants a biscuit for a paper for saying: "he and Lady Colville, who is also an exceedingly clever woman." But we are tired of that paper.

T. D. (Stretford).—We have already alluded to the advertisement of the hearthrug, whose beauty, you tell us, "baffles description."

E. E. (Brixton Hill).—As you say, who will vote for any of those?

L. T. (Shepherd's Bush).—We have already alluded to this royal habit of sitting on people's hands.

J. B. (East Croydon).—Sorry they sent us back from America. Perhaps they did not like Crow's article about the Yankees.

T. M. C. (Manor Park).—We can easily reconcile it "in the name of conscience." Several competitors took three for a shilling.

G. W. M. (New Southgate).—Thanks, we have already received that cutting several times.

J. C. (Boscombe).—Yes, we try to be lively, but you must remember that we are a family paper. There are not many fleas on Jim Crow.

H. P. W. (Ludgate Hill).—We had already read about King Alfonso and the donkey.

"PUBLICO".—Yes, but your poetry is not *pro bono publico*.

G. W. (Edinburgh).—Yes, didn't it; but Jim is not a bit afraid of being eaten. He is too tough.

E. U. (Ryde) asks us what we think of some poetry of his. The answer is naught.

H. L. E. L. (Highgate).—We are glad to hear we have made you more broad-minded than you were. We think we have already alluded to the matter of the carbons. In any case, it was not a very important one.

G. L. (Sydenham).—We have no means of finding out the circulation of other newspapers. It is as much as we can do to keep pace with our own.

J. P. K. (Hackney) objects to the assumption of territorial titles by bishops in Scotland and the Colonies, as well as by Roman Catholics in England. No doubt they are a bit presumptuous.

"JOE" (Liverpool) sends us a smudge which was published in the *Weekly Dispatch*. He also remarks that "JOHN BULL does travel for a youngster." But we hope we never go too far.

F. L. H. (Manor Park).—Probably a misprint. In any case senseless.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

Especially in Jumping.

How very much "what happens" in races governs the result.

Do You Agree?

It is infamous to charge a "quid" admission at some meetings for jumping, seeing what the provision and the sport is!

It Hinders Business.

Notice how on wet days, like at Newbury, when umbrellas must be used, there is never much betting through this hampering.

It Would Have Helped.

It was suggested that racing ponies should be allowed to run under Jockey Club and N.H. rules, but the Committee would have none of it.

Follow my Leader.

Backers are proverbially sheep-like, but what about bookmakers? Isn't it a fact that what one man does, or lays, in price, the others *have* to?

Inexplicable.

Executives are still complaining that a 100 sovs. selling plate, with a £2 entry, does not get as many nominations as a £40 plate does with the same fee.

The Credit Reflects.

Whether it be Ireland, France, or any foreign country, their success in thoroughbred horse-breeding is wholly due to the original or continuous importation of English stock.

Hope.

How consoling to all of us in turn is the expression, and belief, that we shall "get it all back to-morrow," or "before the week is out." But we don't. And when abandonments take place, we can't.

Experience makes Light of it.

Racegoers need to have a wondrous momentary memory grasping the names, colours, and facts pertaining to a certain race of the moment—and immediately obliterating them concerning the next.

A Fine Legal Line.

The Limerick craze is evidence of how keen the public taste is for a "gamble," but I cannot see what the difference is between picking out lines in doggerel rhymes and a much more skilful endeavour to predict winners on a coupon.

A Notability.

Frank Halifax, sergeant of the mounted force which is always present at Windsor and all Berks race meetings, is the old amateur quarter-mile running champion of Berks and Bucks, under the Reading A.C. colours.

A Key.

Backers invariably like Lord Howard de Walden's horses, for they usually know what runs, as they are despatched to a meeting a day, if not two days, previously. Thus one is always aware which of Beatty's has "arrived" or is to start.

The Government Would Suffer.

When it is said that the abolition of bets by telegram would be a preventative, the employment of messengers is hardly reckoned with. And, if the use of telephones were further forbidden, the P.O. would very soon find how few instruments were really needed.

A Typical Case.

Savanaka, a really unlucky horse—always second—cost 1,500 guineas as a yearling, although Batho only gave Darling 100 guineas for him. But it was the Alfriston trainer's ill-fortune—as so many find in turn—to have a lot of trouble with the horse, and then lose him for others to eventually get the benefit.

A Sporting Course.

Hesham is a magnificent racecourse, especially for jumping—when you get there—for it is on the top of a miniature mountain. The hill supplies a natural grandstand, while the horses run up and down into and out of the valley, and round a church.

The Book Beats Us.

Bookmakers invariably stand still at their pitch between races while backers come and go to and from the paddock hastily to gain information, look over the horses, and follow all means of bolstering up their chances of beating their natural enemies. "All in," it is long odds on those who passively stand still.

An All-round Performer.

One of the most extraordinary horses of recent winters was Shoeblack, who had been alternately hunted, hacked, and ridden in the Row. Since he became the property of Mr. F. P. Gilbert, the popular Malvern Hunt farmer, the horse won almost everything he contested, including hunters' flat races, hurdle events, and steeplechases.

The New School.

A friendly partnership has recently been inaugurated between Mr. F. Priestly and the popular Mr. R. Buckworth, in the tenancy of a small training stable at Lambourne, which shelters some dozen horses. Dick Buckworth is well-known in the Windsor district, and a few years ago ran a horse or two. I wish Lambourne Place luck.

A Flourishing Venue.

A friendly correspondent has sent me a photograph of the racecourse, stands, etc., upon one of their "big" days at Buenos Ayres. The scene certainly equals anything we can show on this side, both as to the numbers, class, and to the fashionable costumes of those present. It resembles as much as anything a Grand Prix day in Paris.

I Warned Plenty Against Them.

I see one of the foreign sporting agencies, which has been advertising and trading for some time, has stopped. A candid circular to its creditors very coolly states that the capital has been exhausted—that the manager has not drawn any salary for some time—and that the office furniture is just enough to pay the rent. The expressed regret is all that the creditors get.

Another Morgan Jockey.

"Reesie" Morgan, the steeplechase jockey, served his apprenticeship with Cole at Eaton, and when increasing weight compelled him to relinquish riding on the flat, like all his brothers in turn, he took to the game between the flags. I prophecy for young Morgan a brilliant career in his profession, as he is a jockey with brains, besides perfect hands—a steady, respectable young fellow, and a worker.

Trivial Points of Neglect.

I am sometimes told that I am "a bit of an old washerwoman," which might qualify me for another little growl in the public interest. Invariably at a race meeting I do like to have a "swill" (not at the bar), and yet whether it be in the members' enclosure, Tattersall's or the Silver ring—and I have tried them all—we simply never seem to get a *dry* towel. They are merely turned out damp and remain so. One could understand this, say, during Ascot week, when, towards the end, the supply might have run short, and those previously used be called into requisition. But it is exactly the same the first day of the meeting at a venue where there has not been sport for a month. Upon enquiry from other friends of mine in the "washerwoman" line, I understand that the plan adopted is to wait stupidly until the very eve of a meeting, wash the towels through, and then fold them up wet, which they must ever remain.

Prophetic.

The best tip I can give my many readers is to make merry. I wish them all luck, and may Venetian, Playful Ocean, and even Judas soon win for us. At Kempton look out for Tom Smith's (Lewes) "Crackers."

£50,000 guaranteed deposit at Bankers. A deposit of this amount is enough in itself to ensure the confidence of every sportsman, and the keen pleasure of racing is greatly augmented by a feeling of absolute security in your turf accountant.

Select one, therefore, who has a sound business of long standing. Take, for instance, Mr. D. M. Gant (member of Tattersall's), 25, Conduit Street, W., London, known throughout the length and breadth of the land as England's premier turf accountant.

Many of the leading newspapers and magazines have independently investigated Mr. Gant's business, and in every case tributes have hereafter appeared recommending readers to transact their business with this excellent house.

In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.—Advt.

THE THRONE!

THE HIGH-CLASS 6d. SOCIETY WEEKLY.

UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT.

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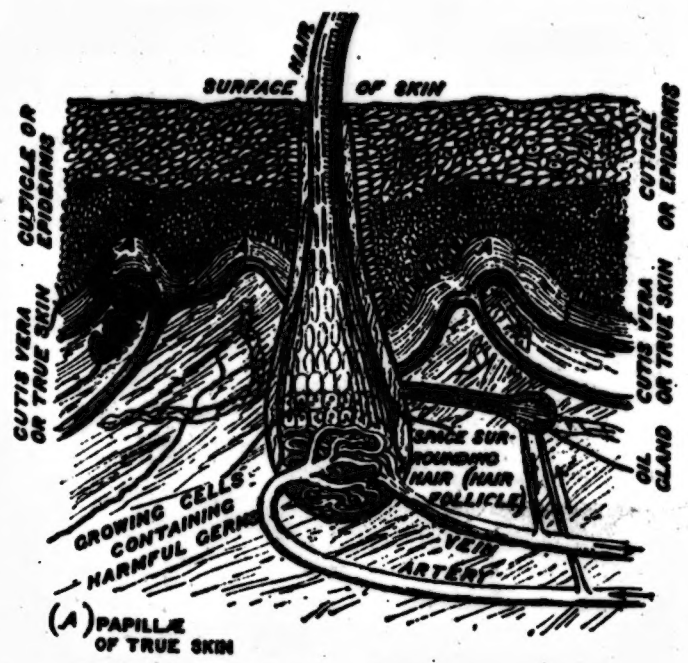
Look at this Picture ☛ of a hair greatly Magnified,——

and learn how your hair grows, why it becomes prematurely grey, why it does not grow well and why it falls out. The whole hair is produced by the multiplication of those growing cells which lie at the bottom and form its root. They rest upon the little blood vessels which carry the blood from which the cells draw all their nourishment. You can easily see from this picture that when the harmful germs settle in those growing cells and go on multiplying they will injure the cells, which causes the hair to loosen and fall out, or become prematurely grey. If those germs are not checked they will in time quite destroy the cells, and as the roots would then be dead, it is clear no hair could ever grow from a dead root.

Those germs must then be killed quickly, and the first and only remedy which does this is



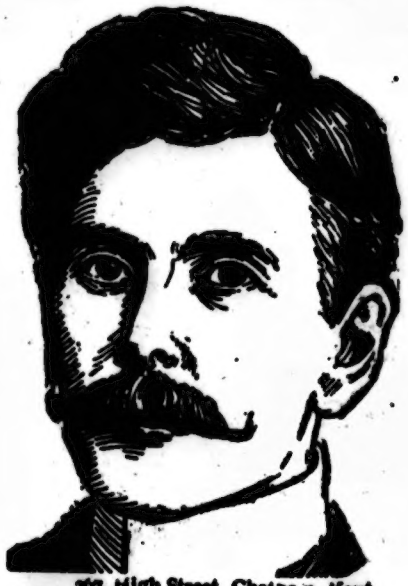
NATURE is particularly active at certain seasons. In vegetation she is most active in spring. In human beings and animals the hair grows especially in the autumn and early winter, because of the coming cold weather. As Capsuloids always work by aiding Nature, it is clear that now is the time to take a thorough course of Capsuloids, thereby securing thick and luxuriant hair.

CAPSULOIDS are never harmful to any part of the body. Ignorant persons tell you that internal medicine for the hair is harmful, forgetting that if such were the case it would be dangerous to take internal medicine for the blood, stomach, liver, kidneys, nerves, &c., &c. Such attempts to mislead the public are worse than foolish. Hundreds tell us of their clear skins and exquisite complexion, when writing that their hair troubles have been cured.

C·A·P·S·U·L·O·I·D·S

62, Great George Street, Leeds.

Gentlemen,—I have great pleasure in testifying that your Capsuloids are all and more than you represent them to be, for I am delighted with the result. My hair is now beautiful and glossy, and although I have not taken any Capsuloids for some months, it still remains in perfect condition. I feel I owe a great deal to Capsuloids, and am quite willing that you should use my testimony and photo if it should help in any way to benefit others.—Yours very gratefully, (Miss) L. NEALE.



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Dear Sirs,—I have very great pleasure in informing you that I have derived remarkable benefit by taking Capsuloids. About three years ago my hair began to fall out. I tried various outward applications, but none had much effect. As a last resource, I thought I would give Capsuloids a trial, and by following the directions given on the boxes, I am thankful to say that all the bald spots have disappeared, and my hair is quite strong again.

Yours truly, T. MAUGHAM.

155, Hambalt Road, Clapham.

Dear Sirs,—In April I began to take your Capsuloids; my hair was then only 1½ inches long, as I had cut it short to try and make it stronger, and you will be pleased to hear that it is now 4 inches long, and as you will see by the photo the bald places are covering over. I am still taking Capsuloids, as my hair has been getting thin for three or four years, and I hope by a continuance of your remedy to effect a complete cure. I can most thoroughly recommend Capsuloids, for no one could have had thinner hair than I had. Yours truly (Signed) EDITH M. SAVERY.

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